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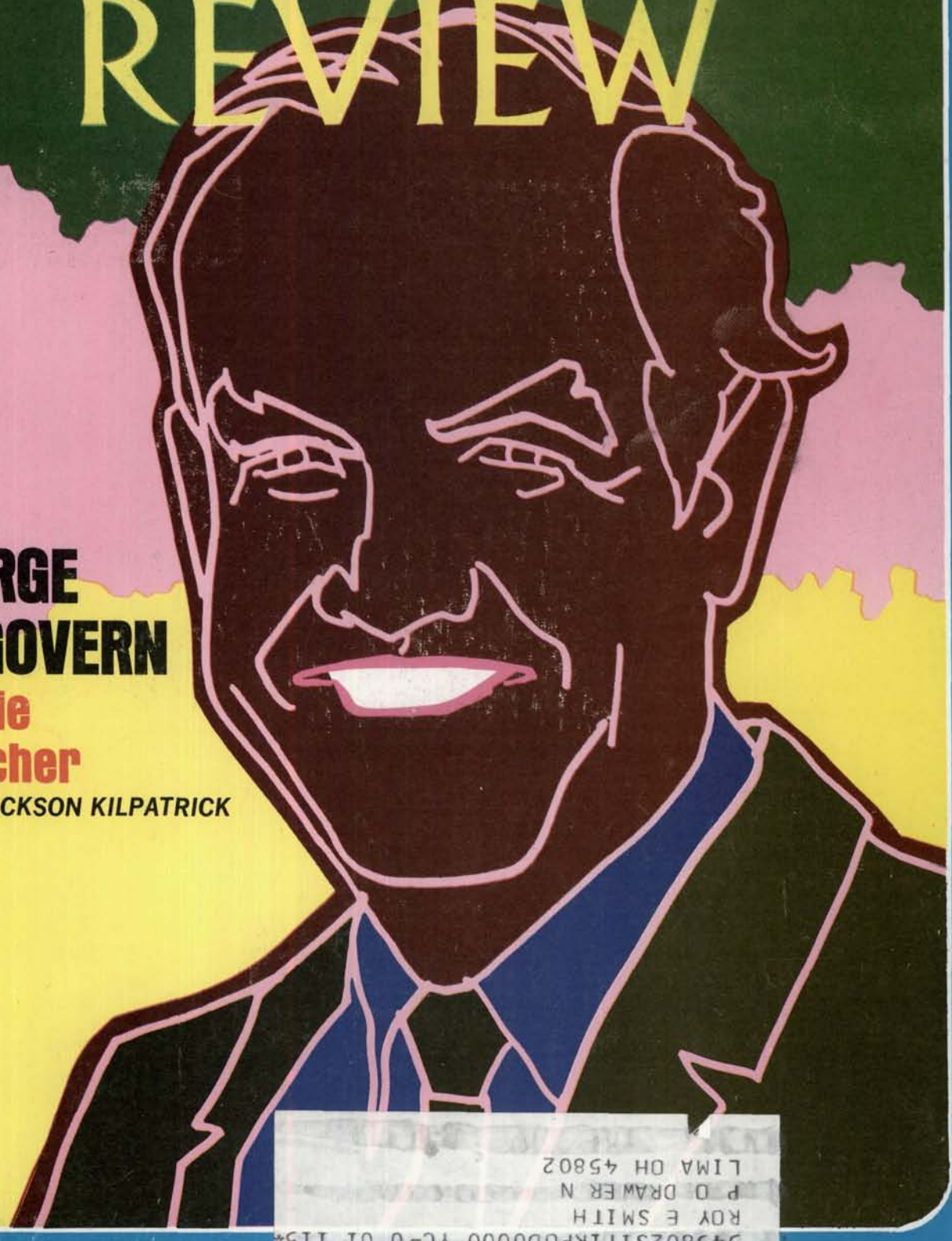

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NATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. XXIV No. 6 FEBRUARY 18, 1972

IN THIS ISSUE . . .

Just before going to press, *NR* managed to put together the various pieces of the Howard Hughes puzzle, bizarre even beyond anything so far printed in the national press. We therefore eliminated several articles at the last minute and now pass along to you this *NR* exclusive. . . . **Sheldon Moody Smith**, *NR*'s correspondent at the Harrisburg trial of the Berrigan menagerie, is also the Episcopal minister at the National Memorial Church in Valley Forge, Pa. He tells us that in the space set aside for reporters in the courtroom he shares a chair with the *Village Voice* and *Harper's* (whose man in Harrisburg is none other than Berriganolator Garry Wills). . . . The globe-trotting **Taki Theodoracopulos** has arrived in Southeast Asia from Greece via Pakistan, and soon will be reporting to *NR* from Africa. . . . *NR* readers, remembering veteran newsman **James Jackson Kilpatrick**'s coverage of the 1968 campaign, will turn quickly to his opening 1972 profile of George McGovern, whom he tracks through the snow drifts, shoe factories and school auditoria of New Hampshire. Affable and earnest, McGovern, like Dryden's Zimri, is "stiff in opinions, always in the wrong." He is also the Senator from South *Where*? In the weeks to come Kilpo will unveil Jackson, Humphrey and Muskie. —J.H.

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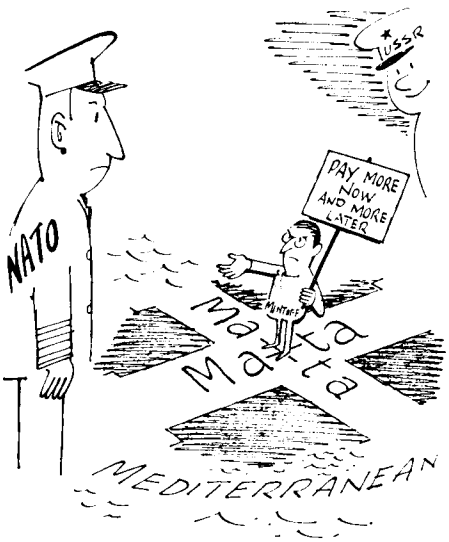
FOR THE RECORD

■ **John Lindsay**, campaigning in Florida, allowed as how he would pull out of the Presidential election if he didn't do well in Florida and Wisconsin primaries. What did he mean by not doing well? Mr. Lindsay wouldn't tell. . . . Poll of **Jaycee** convention in Florida same week gave **Wallace** 41 per cent of vote, **Humphrey** 19, **Muskie** 17, **Jackson** 12. . . . Other candidates, Muskie in particular, upset over **George McGovern**'s disclosure of his personal assets and announcement he will make public the names of campaign contributors by March 1. . . . Muskie sidestepped all questions on disclosing names of financial backers on *Meet the Press* a month ago. . . . However, Muskie (Mr. Clean of the current race) says he won't be using billboards in his campaign because "they would be inconsistent with [my] long-held position on environmental controls." (Well, a no-Muskie rule is one plus for the landscape, anyway.) . . . **Socialist Workers Party** is zeroing-in its attacks on McGovern (his sin: he persists in believing you can work within the two-party system) and is peddling a kit, "The Truth about McGovern," for 25 cents a throw. . . . Communist Party Presidential candidate **Gus Hall** says within 48 hours after *his* inaugural he will order U.S. troops withdrawn from all over the world, shut down all but a handful of military bases in the U.S., padlock the Pentagon, CIA and the FBI, free **Angela Davis** and other political prisoners and order "an end to racism" by executive decree.

■ Interestingly enough, a **Harris** poll of Negroes on Angela Davis was inconclusive. On the question: Do you respect her? the answers were "a great deal" 35 per cent, "not a great deal" 21 per cent, "hardly respected at all" 14 per cent, "unsure" 30 per cent. . . . **Huey Newton**, Defense Minister of the **Black Panthers**, says the Panthers have now rejected the "pick up the gun now" philosophy in favor of working within the community. Newton attributes past Panther violence to the policies of **Eldridge Cleaver**, that "renegade, scab traitor." . . . In Algiers, Cleaver has announced his resignation from international section of Black Panthers in order to join the **Afro-American Liberation Army** (whatever that is). . . .



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"Maltese Cross"

Timothy Leary, that other famous exile, has been bounced by the canton of Valois (which means, in effect expelled from Switzerland) because of his "deleterious example" to youth and his failure to get a valid residence visa.

■ Facts and figures of interest: A survey by U.S. **Office for Civil Rights** covering 76 big-city school systems that have been ordered to desegregate shows one thing in common: an immediate drop in white enrollment. Two examples: in Houston, enrollment went down sixteen thousand in a year, in Nashville enrollment dropped seven thousand. . . . *Boston Globe* reports 81 per cent of **Harvard Medical School** graduating class believes in a system of compulsory national health insurance. . . . **Northwest Airlines** is claiming a tax write-off for the $200,000 it paid the hijacker who parachuted from the plane he was holding for ransom on Thanksgiving weekend (and who has not been seen since). . . . Americans can now bring in $100 worth of goods duty-free from **Red China**, but still not from **Rhodesia**. . . . Dropped, without explanation, the annual half holiday in honor of **Robert E. Lee** at Washington (George) and Lee (Robt. E) University. Commented one faculty member: Just wait till they find out Washington was a slaveowner. . . . Also dropped: the suit **Liberty Lobby** had brought against the **ACU** claiming ACU had preempted its mailing lists, on a motion of summary judgment.

■ Newcomer to the panel of lawyers defending the Harrisburg Eight, **Terry Lanzner**. He was forced out as head of the OEO legal services by President Nixon a year ago for pulling various left-wing shenanigans. . . . **Harrisburg Defense Committee** raising some money through sale of its latest pamphlet on "Grand Juries, Conspiracy and FBI Harassment." . . . One contributor to Berrigan Defense League, **Jane Hart**, wife of Sen. Phil Hart, who has turned over proceeds from a speaking engagement.

■ Available: **Liberation songs** to fit all tastes, from the *Guardian*: "Vietnam Will Win!" (Fighting songs of the national liberation army); "This Is Free Belfast!" (Irish rebel songs of the Six Northern Counties); "Angola: A Vitoria e Certa!" (Victory Is Certain, songs of the liberation fighters of Angola) and our very favorite, "Tengo Puerto Rico En Mi Corazón" (I have Puerto Rico in My Heart, songs of the Puerto Rican independence movement).

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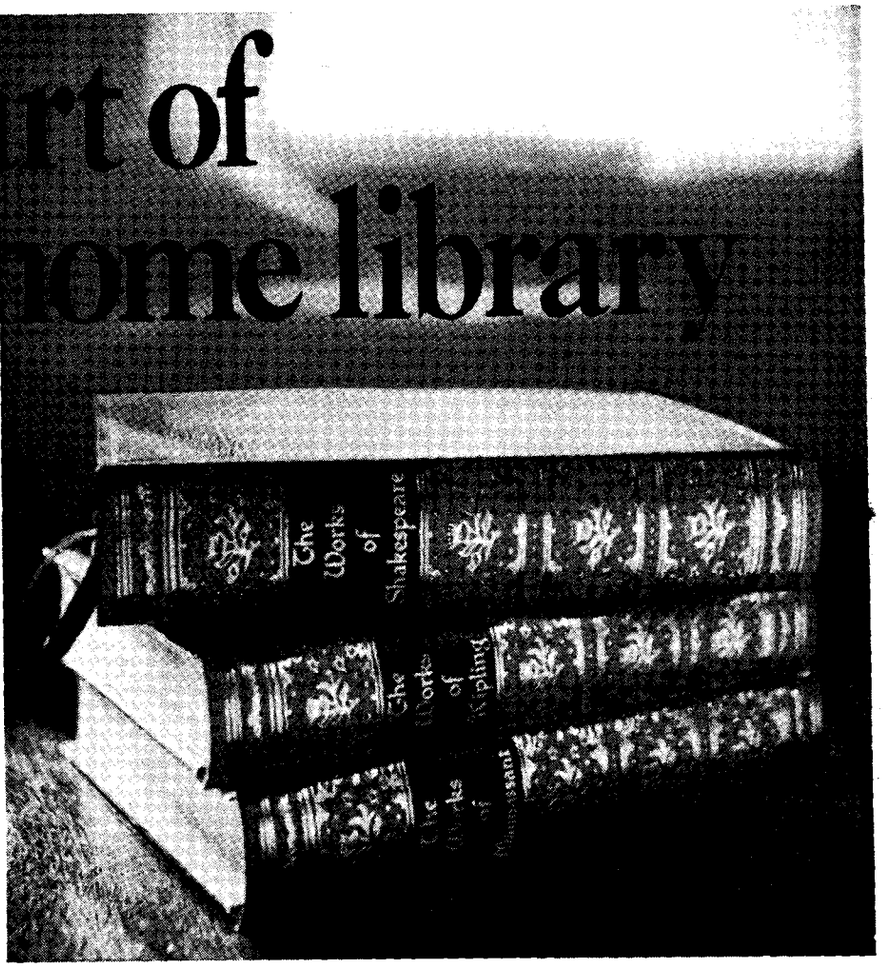

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LETTERS

Laws against Sin

NR needs more articles like William F. Rickenbacker's "The Law Forbidding Sin" [Jan. 21] to convince the public that conservatism cannot be equated with blind adherence to tradition or repression of individual rights. As the author points out, our laws regarding narcotics, vice, interest rates et al. are products of the liberal mentality, designed to protect the individual from his own freedom of choice. Conservatives should seek to limit the government's involvement in these fields to sponsoring objective studies and advising the public of their findings, as is now done with cigarettes.

I am sorry that Mr. Rickenbacker, apparently in deference to *NR*'s Catholic readers, did not extend his argument to the abortion laws—there are admittedly complications here, but the essential question is whether the moral values of some should be foisted upon others. Also missing was a call for the (pardon the expression) liberalization of laws concerning divorce—if two people simply don't wish to remain married, why should the law force them?

Westwood, N.J. G. WARREN WHITAKER

I was really quite overjoyed to read William F. Rickenbacker's January 21 column. To say I was surprised would be an understatement to the *n*th degree—I was shocked, even scandalized. His essay on the anti-sin laws reminded me of my YAF years and how I read David Friedman's column in the *New Guard*.

To all of you at NATIONAL REVIEW: Bravo for printing Mr. Rickenbacker's column. To Mr. Rickenbacker: *Write On!*

St. Louis, Mo. JAY SHIELDS

Hogwash!

Michael Gazzaniga's letter ["Notes & Asides," Jan. 21] regarding Edgar Smith is grammatical hogwash. As a former English major, I was appalled to see such structure in the pages of *NR*. I question whether the good doctor has anything meaningful to say when he hasn't learned to *talk* yet.

Weston, Conn. MRS. MICHAEL GAZZANIGA

Helping Hand

My thanks to Armistead Maupin Jr. ["The Ten Vets Who Went Back," Dec. 31] for following the dictates of his conscience and doing something for the South Vietnamese, instead of supplying excess verbiage. As pleased as I was to read about his efforts and those of his friends, I was horrified by the trouble they were given by the bureaucracy. My God! We need more of this kind of effort if our purpose in Vietnam is to have any fulfillment—which leads me to the following question: Do you know of any organization or private agency through which civilians may volunteer for work in Vietnam? Has the U.S. Government taken any steps to promote such private efforts? I will soon be a civilian myself and am interested in doing something along these lines.

PFC ANTHONY P. DEWITT

APO, San Francisco

Mr. Maupin tells us that there is, so far as he knows, no formal organization through which civilians may volunteer. He suggests that anyone interested in going to Vietnam get a group together and petition the State Department, as he and his friends did. Operation Helping Hand, the private, nonprofit organization that aids Vietnamese navy men, has said it would provide supplies to anyone who gets State Department clearance for a Vietnam project, but that it can do nothing before the clearance is obtained. Helping Hand's address is 1100 17th St., Washington, D.C. 20036. —ED.

Ashbrook

In regard to the Ashbrook candidacy ["The Week," Jan. 21], just one point. The Congressman's campaign in the primaries will be undertaken to rally formidable conservative opposition to the President among Republican voters. But is this formidable opposition really there? Are Republicans who lean to conservative politics generally as disaffected with the Administration as the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW, *Human Events* etc.? The issues upon which the conservative publications fault the President, such as the question of economic controls or the decline in strategic arms, may be ultimately the most important, but they also require a certain sophistication to comprehend. Most voters, including those willing to support conservative politicians, are not libertarian theorists who can point out the serious, long-term dangers of the economic regulation. At the present time most Americans are not even aware that the adequacy of our defense is in question. Whereas in those areas which touch home for millions of Republicans, such as busing, crime and student rebellion, Nixon has done all he could do to please his conservative constituency. For this reason the President is probably in better shape on the Right than is thought by those who normally speak for American conservatives.

East Chicago, Ind. WILLIAM WLEKLINSKI

Charles Benson

When Theodore Sturgeon wrote "Charles Benson, RIP" ["The Week," Jan. 21] he was obviously in grief over Mr. Benson's death. However, his statement that Mr. Benson was "the victim of a society which he tried to understand" must be challenged. We had enough of that kind of reasoning in connection with the deaths of John Kennedy, Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King Jr. The fact that Mr. Sturgeon here applies it to a conservative makes it no less untenable or indigestible.

Brooklyn, N.Y. BROOKE WALKER

Prize Humbuggery

Arnold Lunn's "Humbug for Beginners" [Nov. 19] prompts me to offer a candidate for Humbug of the Year. When I was working in aerospace, project managers presenting briefings to NASA complained that the appearance of the word "failure" in the Results column of briefing charts, which summarized component qualification tests, was having a disturbing effect upon the Customer. It was therefore decreed that a euphemism be found. After rejecting alternatives as being too negative, it was decided to identify failures as "Findings of Special Interest."

The charts were revised, and the Customer dozed peacefully through subsequent briefings.

It follows that if a *failure* is of special interest, a *success* is of *no* special interest. Perhaps so. Successful landings on the moon have become events of no special interest, whereas a failure. . . . Who says words can't alter reality?

Hermosa Beach, Calif. J. OTIS LAWS

School Prayer

Bill Buckley's piece on school prayer ["On the Right," Dec. 3] was superb. Let's have another SCOPES (Society for the Cultivation of Prayerful Enthusiasm in the Schools) Trial. Will some happy public-school teacher openly defy the abrogation of religious liberty by reading in school from the Bible every morning to all who will listen? Then let the "law" crack down and we'll defend him or file suit for him under the First Amendment. We can't miss. The reactionary "liberals" can't win.

Dubuque, Iowa KENNY HERBST

In his comments on the prayer amendment, Mr. Buckley falls into the same trap that most of the prayer backers fell into—he made religion the main issue.

But it isn't! The real issue is the right of free speech. Has there ever been a time in the history of this Republic when the government has come out and said, in so many words, "It's against the law to speak in public about a certain subject in a certain manner"?

I don't know of any. It would have

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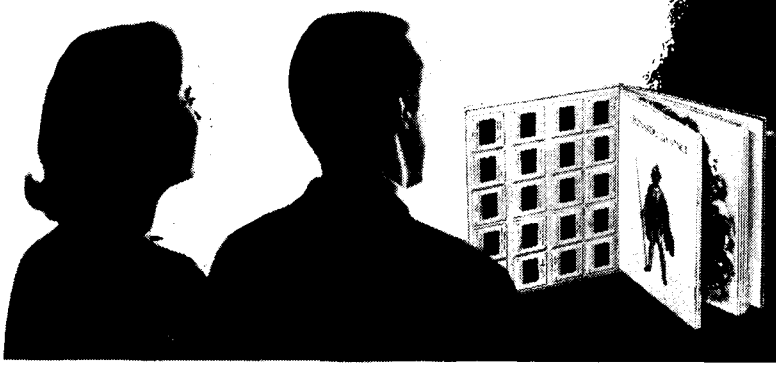

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been an infringement on the people's right of free speech. But with the defeat of the recent prayer amendment the government has said basically that. They have deprived my child of her right to freedom of speech. But do Mr. Buckley and his conservative cohorts jump to the defense of freedom of speech in public buildings? No! They waste time arguing about the Trinity, denominationalism and other religious ambiguities while the opposition runs away with the ball.

Watertown, Mass. RALPH MICHAELS

Reynolds v. the AMA

Mercy, mercy, please, mercy! Spare me from further penetrating analyses of the economy by Alan Reynolds! (Who is Alan Reynolds?)

He has proceeded to take my beleaguered profession to task not once but twice by saying that the obstructionist AMA has wilfully lined the pockets of its members with gold by limiting the supply of physicians ["The Case against Wage and Price Control," Sept. 24; "Unions: Scapegoat for Inflation," Dec. 31]. For shame!

First, let us all understand that the reason the AMA began regulating medical schools in 1910 and the reason the number of medical schools fell from 1904-1920 was the Flexner report. This was an independent in-depth study of medical education sponsored by the Carnegie Foundation in which the low quality of medical education was exposed to the public, and the cry of indignation forced the profession to set higher academic standards. It may well be that the standards have been set too high; however, this was not done in an attempt to elevate the physicians' tax bracket. Indeed, as there is now a great public clamor for more physicians, the AMA is again responding by turning the crank to pour out more MDs, just as the engineering and education professions did in the Fifties.

As to the salaries of physicians, why does he compare salaries during a Depression year (1939) with those during the relative prosperity of 1951? Why even use 1951 as a reference point? Why not use 1971 statistics and at least give us the most recent data available rather than ancient history? Has time stopped at the magic year of '51 as far as the simplistic school of economists is concerned? I think these figures are downright misleading. In the first place I should like to know the definition of "comparable professional men" when it comes to comparing salaries. I personally am in my eighth year of training since obtaining my BA and I am sure that my income is less than "the average income of comparable professional men" if Mr. Reynolds can indeed find such a man. If, however, Mr. Reynolds chooses to cling to this illusion of overpaid physicians, I suggest that he compare incomes on a per-hour basis, and I am sure that these inequities which he so ably distorts will fade into the never-never land whence his mind-boggling ideas have sprung.

Washington, D.C. J. DAVID DUNCAN M.D.

Dr. Duncan's is one of several challenging letters from physicians criticizing my overly brief critique of the American Medical Association. Here are my answers to their objections:

1. The dramatic decline in the number of medical schools in 1910 was due to the inadequate quality of those schools. *Probably so. But this does not explain the fact that the number of medical schools remained virtually frozen at that level for many years, and that many apparently qualified applicants have been unable to gain admission to medical training. If it weren't for the fact that one out of six U.S. doctors received his training abroad, we would be in a very sick situation.*

2. When standards are raised, the supply automatically goes down and the price goes up. *Exactly right. If we restrict the supply of hamburger so that only steak will be available, would the poor then eat more steak, or would they do without—as they now do without medical care?*

3. Physicians deserve high incomes because of their long hours and many years of schooling. *Very true. But the long hours are a symptom of the doctor shortage fostered by the AMA, and many medical needs could be more economically filled by paramedics, pharmacists or nurses—if the AMA would permit it.*

4. The AMA is not a union, because membership isn't compulsory and doctors don't strike. *Well, if a union can create lasting scarcity of its services, there is no need to strike.*

Moreover, by controlling the supply of interns, through certification, the AMA induces hospitals to use only members of the county medical associations. Nonmembers cannot use hospital facilities, and cannot take examinations for high-paying specialties.

5. No income comparisons with other professions can possibly be valid, because medicine is in a class by itself. *Though there may be some merit in this argument, it does seem lacking in even a basic minimum of modesty. Those interested should consult Fuchs, et. al., in the* Journal of Human Resources, *Summer 1970.*

In attacking the restrictive practices of AMA, I do not at all mean to imply that these practices were the deliberate intentions of malevolent men. Most physicians are the noblest sorts of human beings. When the share of GNP going to medicine continues to rise (it's currently 7 per cent), however, there is an indication that supply is not responsive to demand. This problem is aggravated by government programs to raise demand without augmenting supply. The AMA's emphasis has been on achieving Cadillac quality in medical care, but most people can't even afford a Chevrolet—even if the Chevrolet is paid for with taxes. —AR

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THE WEEK

■ Score Last Week: FBI 3, Hijackers 0.

■ The Treasury has once again asked Congress to perform the periodic ritual of raising the "ceiling" on our national debt in order to accommodate projected deficits of $64.3 billion in the next two years. John Connally, the President's Sancho Panza, says these deficits "should be applauded." Ezra Solomon of the Council of Economic Advisers later "warned" Congress "not to try to reduce next year's budget deficit," and declared that any attempt to balance the budget would be "a tragic mistake." Someone had the poor taste to mention that the original '71 and '72 projected deficits each turned out to be underestimated by about $25 billion. Considering this uncanny inaccuracy of past Administration forecasts, the real deficits in the next two years may well prove to be even larger than the already gargantuan projections. If so, the debt ceiling will undoubtedly be elevated to the thirteenth floor.

■ Finally, after 475 days in the pigs' pens, the trial of Angela Davis was to begin January 31. But when that date arrived, sure enough, another delay. Lawyers for the "black, woman Communist," as the tell-it-like-it-isers at the *Daily World* call her, requested that the case be shifted from Santa Clara County, and the judge had to delay the trial to consider this motion. Anyway the world got a glimpse of her and, surprisingly, considering the dire reports, she needs neither wheelchair nor cane. In fact she looks healthy and vigorous. It is expected the trial will begin any year now.

■ Yevgeny Yevtushenko, the wowiest public poet since Homer, breezed into New York City, spent fifteen minutes looking at the bomb damage in the offices of cultural-exchange merchant Sol Hurok, trotted to his hotel and dashed off a poem—which he read at a performance that evening in Madison Square Garden (and cabled to *Izvestia*, which printed it). The poem, so help us Edgar A. Guest, likens the bombing to the Nazis' gassing of Jews.

■ God bless the FDA. Every couple of months it comes out and tells us about the horrors of this drug or that drug. December, you might recall, was hexachlorophene's month. Hospitals and nurseries were warned not to bathe infants in soaps containing hexachlorophene, an antibacterial agent, or the most frightful things would happen. Such bathings were stopped. A little while later hospitals and nurseries began to report outbreaks of staphylococcal infections among infants. One nursery was even forced to close down because of the outbreak, while one of its doctors noted that staph only became a problem (there and in the other nurseries) since they stopped using hexachlorophene. Now they're not all head-in-the-microscope types at the FDA. They hear about things and they heard about the staph outbreak. And they had something to say. They said that, in a few days, they would discuss what studies were needed to determine the extent of the staph problem. God bless the FDA.

■ Gary Graffman, pianist, walked into Kennedy Center last October to "get into the fingers" the feel of the piano he was to play that night with the National Symphony Orchestra. The stagehand union (Association of Theatrical and Stage Employees, Local 22) ordered four-hour call fees for three department heads—the head electrician, head carpenter, head propman—all of whom did nothing. Cost to the Kennedy Center, close to one hundred bucks. And that's the way it has been at the Kennedy Center since it opened. Some of the top stage employees are making up to $1,500 a week. Which brings up at least one question: Why, starting from scratch, did the authorities at Kennedy sign such a contract? And a thought: Do the managers of nonprofit organizations care that deeply where the money will come from to pay excessive union demands? Don't they plan to pass on the costs of their profligacy to their patrons, subscribers, to philanthropists and ultimately to the government? Isn't this why so many Americans distrust the idea of federal and state subsidies for the arts?

■ My, but it was a close one. Young hot heads of the World Zionist Congress forced through a resolution last week that called on any leader of a Zionist organization to drop everything and emigrate to Israel after two years in office, or resign. It was the farthest the zealots had gone in pushing the doctrine that it is the duty of all Zionists to return to Israel and work there for the historic homeland. Heads of Hadassah, the American Zionist organization, 325,000 strong, which provides much of the money that enables Israel to survive, walked out of the Congress. Whereupon cooler heads prevailed and the resolution was ruled unconstitutional on grounds that no one bothered—or wanted—to elaborate.

■ Canadians don't object to fantasy taken in moderation, but their government now thinks that maybe it is time to stop being one of the three member countries in the International Control Commission that has prevented the Vietnam war from ever happening. Rationale: India, ICC chairman, is about to open an embassy in Hanoi, and South Vietnam is saying, Please! that means you can't even pretend to be neutral any more—unless you also embassize in Saigon. Anyway, Canadian ICC strength is to go down from 35 bodies to twenty, three to be left in Hanoi and the rest in Saigon. "The ICC,"

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one Canadian Highly Placed Source noted cleverly, "doesn't do anything anyway." This judgment, of course, could be harsh for a commission that has been in existence only since 1954.

■ It was at a post-midnight meeting with a group of China scholars and businessmen from America that Premier Chou En-lai unleashed his anticipated denunciation of the Nixon eight-point peace plan, using the anticipated Peking rhetoric. But of the men involved in the secret negotiations, he had no harsh words. Henry Kissinger, purred Chou, "has all the characteristics of a man with whom one can argue." And then silent, he sat back and looked for all the world like a cat who knows where his next canary is coming from, and when.

■ Kurt Waldheim, U Thant's successor at the UN, makes the intriguing proposal that the General Assembly, instead of sitting around dull old New York City, meet in the various "hot spots" of the world. Assuming (as we do) that the Secretary General means places like Belfast, the Sinai Peninsula and suburban Pnompenh, not places like St. Tropez, the possibilities are fantastic. Imagine the Whole Entire General Assembly blown up by Al Fatah while being hijacked to Hanoi by the IRA. . . . Or does he mean places like Death Valley?

■ "DON'T SEND ME TO PRISON! AN OPEN LETTER TO THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT: I am a publisher who tried to give America its first beautiful, intellectual, emotionally mature magazine devoted to the subjects of love and sex. . . . I have been condemned to prison by your honorable court. You have made a terrible mistake. You have misjudged me, you have misunderstood my publications, you have mocked the Constitution. . . . The youth of this nation *know* my publications. They know that they stand for Beauty, Truth, and Love. . . . [W]ill you ignore my plea and earn for yourself—and thereby, for our society under law—the contempt of free men everywhere?" The above droppings, excerpted from a full-page ad in the *New York Times*, are from the pen of Ralph Ginzburg, who is scheduled to go to jail on February 17, having been convicted of sending pornographic things through the mails. The 17th is a Thursday, middle of the week in the middle of winter, but this year it's the beginning of spring.

■ Friend of ours, just back from an intensive seminar on modern police techniques, reports sighting several low-flying phrases. Among the new species seen: "to staff out," "to critique," "to impact on," "threat analysis," "disorder reduction." He submits, as his own contributions to the devaluation of the English language, "to process through," "to bureau up," "to system down," "riot dilution," "mayhem limitation" and "terror modification."

■ After more than eighty years on the market, the sugar substitute saccharin has been removed from the FDA's list of food additives "generally recognized as safe." It seems that a study—sponsored, as it happens, by the Sugar Research Foundation—indicates that the equivalent of 875 bottles of diet soft drink a day may cause bladder tumors in mice (owners of pet mice should be especially careful to keep diet soft drinks out of reach). Since cyclamates were banned and saccharin is now blacklisted, there are grounds for the suspicion that the FDA is either opposed to sweetness or in favor of obesity.

■ According to recent court decisions, states cannot deny welfare payments to transients, union members on strike, or fathers who were fired for not going to work. Some years it hardly pays to get up in the morning.

■ It probably isn't easy to be gay *and* to attend Kansas U. So when the Lawrence Gay Liberation Front called for an injunction against the University of Kansas, demanding recognition as an official campus organization (and an official share of the student activity fees), weeping Willy Kunstler took the case. And was bounced out of court. Mr. Kunstler, said Judge George Templar, "your disdain and contempt [for the judicial process] is notorious and you have exploited it across the country." William Kunstler scuttled back to New York, where life is simpler, and where he had waiting for his magic touch the defense of the Harlem Four for the stabbing murder of shopkeeper Margit Sugar.

■ Well, heck, it's gotta indicate *something*! John Lindsay on the Arizona primary: "I carried Phoenix, which indicates to me that there is an urban problem countrywide."

■ Heroes for Our Times: When Carol Feraci, one of the Ray Coniff Singers, reached into her cleavage and pulled out a "Stop the Killing" banner which she waved before the audience at a formal White House dinner, the President kept his cool. Other reactions ranged from extreme ("You ought to throw her out"—Several in the audience) to moderate ("She should be torn limb from limb"—Martha Mitchell). Miss Feraci is believed to be writing her memoirs.

Times Manifesto

In a major editorial on January 31, the *New York Times* attempted to establish the parameters for American politics in the years immediately ahead. It did so by proposing a set of doubtful definitions and by announcing as settled what is still very much at issue.

"In its abandonment of outmoded conservative doctrine," began the *Times*, "the Nixon Administration has moved much more swiftly and thoroughly than did the

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

The political implications of the busing issue continue to grow. Two questions will be answered in the next few months: 1) How firmly will the Democratic Presidential contenders hold to their probusing stance; and 2) will the President endorse Senator Robert Griffin's antibusing constitutional amendment?

George McGovern, oddly enough, may be the earliest to forsake busing —on grounds analogous to those used by President Nixon in overtures to Communist China. Just as Nixon was able to change his stand, McGovern might be able to move away from busing without seeming a hypocrite. Some of McGovern's advisers are urging such a course on grounds that any probusing Presidential candidate is doomed and that a "populist" campaign must take into account the will of the people. Which way McGovern will go is anyone's guess, though some remember McGovern's on-again, off-again endorsement of conservative Robert Byrd (D., W.Va.) for the Supreme Court.

Edmund Muskie, who made a probusing statement in Chattanooga, Tennessee, will have to face the issue in the Florida primary and is nervous. Hubert Humphrey may be more willing than Muskie to trim his sails in order to pick up support on the Right. Henry Jackson, the only Democratic candidate whose children attend public school in the District of Columbia, will oppose busing; George Wallace will attempt to use the issue to embarrass his liberal rivals.

■ President Nixon will have a chance to endorse the Griffin antibusing amendment this month. His endorsement would mean that it would have a chance of getting a two-thirds Senate majority. In any case, the President would be backing a popular cause and one that has been notably unsuccessful in the courts.

If the President does back the amendment, he'll throw the race for the Democratic nomination into turmoil which could result in a surge of strength for Henry Jackson, who, White House strategists fear, might garner many Republican votes. Generally the White House thinks that the busing issue will hurt front-runner Edmund Muskie most, since he has committed too much too soon to the cause of busing.

An antibusing rider may be attached by Democrat Sam Ervin to the women's rights amendment due to be considered by the Senate this month. Ervin surmises that with two big issues before them with a strong emotional appeal, Democratic contenders will not be able to avoid taking a stand. Ervin and other Southern Democrats believe that pushing their candidates into a more moderate position on busing may help many Democrats up for re-election in '72.

■ Busing is an issue that Hubert Humphrey will handle very carefully in Pennsylvania's April 27 primary. With the strong support of Philadelphia Mayor Frank Rizzo and former Mayor James Tate, Humphrey anticipates getting a hefty share of the old-line Democratic vote in Philadelphia and also expects to do well in Pittsburgh. George Wallace may foil Humphrey's plans. Governor Milton Shapp, who is backing Muskie, faces a hard fight to hold his disparate party behind any one candidate. As many as seven or eight candidates may be running in Pennsylvania, and Muskie is lagging.

■ Roundup: Veteran GOP Congressman William McCulloch, known for his support of civil rights legislation, will retire when his present term expires. . . . Others leaving include W. R. Hull (D., Mo.), one-time Supreme Court hopeful Richard Poff (R., Va.) and John Dowdy (D., Tex.), recently convicted of taking a bribe from a contractor. . . . Predictions are that veteran Louisiana Senator Allen J. Ellender will retire rather than face serious opposition both in the primary and the general election. . . . Maine's Margaret Chase Smith will probably step down. Mrs. Smith faces a primary fight and misses the aid of her long-time administrative assistant William Lewis, who recently suffered a heart attack and works only part-time.

—CATO

Eisenhower Administration. . . . [In] three years, Mr. Nixon has transformed the political and ideological landscape." To support this sweeping claim, the *Times* adduces: a) the imposition of wage and price controls, b) the willingness to accept large budgetary deficits, c) FAP, d) subsidies to railroads and the merchant marine, and an attempt to subsidize the SST, e) the Peking diplomacy and the SALT talks.

No one will deny Mr. Nixon's leftward shift from his 1968 platform, but we can surely debate whether this list bears out the large ideological claims of the *Times*. The Administration position on FAP has become slippery, to say the least (see "Zap FAP" below). The Peking diplomacy may or may not possess ideological content, and its precise bearing is as yet obscure. Federal subsidies to various sectors of the economy may, depending upon circumstances, be in the national interest—and, in fact, perhaps a majority of conservatives supported the SST project, along with fast depreciation write-offs, oil depletion allowances etc. The Administration claims that in the SALT talks there will emerge a workable agreement to limit both offensive and defensive weapons, and, though skepticism here would be reasonable, the results are not yet in; and, in any case, the Administration appears to be pressing ahead with the ULMS project as insurance in the likely event that SALT fails. Wage and price controls and huge budgetary deficits are harder for conservatives to swallow, but the fight is not over in principle, and, in the particular case of 1971-1972, the circumstances are important.

In this coy flirtation with the Nixon Administration, moreover, the *Times*—most interestingly—demurely sets aside a good deal of its own ideology. It forgets, for example, its own scathing editorial on the Rehnquist nomination and its outrage over the Administration attacks on that prime base of liberal power, the media. It omits all reference to Nixon's refusal, so far, to cave in on Vietnam, a cave-in relentlessly advocated by the *Times*. It says nothing about all of the Administration's supposed assaults on "civil liberties" and on "dissent" and the "repressive" policies of the Justice Department—all of this having hitherto been consistently deplored by the *Times*.

But whatever the degree to which conservatives may share the *Times*' verdict on the Nixon Administration, they should realize what the *Times* is really up to. In its

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Memo to: those NR readers who will be interested!

Re: a new book, "The Decline and Fall of Radical Catholicism," which just

has to be the most disastrous book of the year (for liberals, that is!)

This sizzling book -- it's compact enough to read in one long evening but, like a fine wine, you'll want to savour it -- dishes it out unmercifully to that arrogant band of radical "renewers" who have, to the utter astonishment of friend and foe alike, virtually destroyed the traditional Catholic Church (in this country, at least) in less than a single decade.

No, you don't have to be Catholic to relish this incredible book. Perhaps the most interesting fact about it is that author James Hitchcock is one of theirs: he is described as a "liberal historian" teaching at St. Louis Univ., but his indictment of his fellow liberals is so broad, so penetrating -- so just plain devastating -- that almost any conservative should find himself saying "He's right! He's got it just right." I tried to select some choice quotes for you; I decided that, as I read, I would turn down the ear of every quotable page. Halfway through the book I realized that I was thumbing down almost every page! (How do you choose between this: "In advanced circles it is now permissible to wear a peace medal but not a crucifix ... to chant Buddhist prayers ritualistically but not to use Latin or say the rosary..." and this "attitude" he attributes to radicals: "After centuries of obscurity, the true meaning of the Gospel is now being discovered by progressives. With rare exceptions, the Church has been unfaithful to the Gospel for at least 1600 years. The Protestant churches, although initially their influence was healthy, have been similarly corrupted through most of their history."

This book will delight, anger and most certainly inform you. I found myself breaking out into indignation one minute and a loud guffaw the next (Hitchcock seems to have saved up every silly statement ever made by the various radical spokesmen!). Of course, being a liberal himself, the author thinks that the renewers just went too far: thus when he points out results of "Aggiornamento" that conservatives would have considered inevitable, he brings a refreshing sense of outrage to it all -- undulled by the awful sorrow-among-the-ruins depression long since felt by most traditionalists.

More, this book is chock full of references, citations and embarrassing quotes from the liberal press (from The New York Times to Commonweal) that provide enough ammunition for a thousand arguments and discussions. You'll love this book, and will want to keep it handy for frequent reference. And you can get your copy right now, just by using the card facing this page to subscribe or renew now (we'll extend your current subscription for one full year from its present expiration date). You pay only the regular $12 rate for National Review, and get this priceless book for a mere $2.95! (The regular retail price is $6.50 -- but I'd be darned surprised if you can even find it in your local bookstore -- so you save $3.55 with this offer.) Use the card facing this page today!

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attacking aspect, the *Times* editorial attempts to define out of existence criticism from the political Right of those features of the Nixon performance approved of by the *Times*, and to banish conservatism from the American political landscape. It does so by setting up a conservative strawman, and pointing to the differences between Nixon and such a strawman. This technique is aided by the *Times*' omission of all features of the Administration performance which it has been accustomed to denounce.

The *Times*' political agenda, which can be discerned faintly but unmistakably in the editorial, is a chilling affair. The welfare state heretofore set up by liberal Democrats is "rudimentary" and has only just been "begun." "Tax reform" is in the cards, says the *Times*, and lets us know what it has in mind by mentioning Senator McGovern's espousal of that theme. McGovern is proposing virtually confiscatory taxation of incomes above $12,000 and a radical redistribution of the national income. (See the article on McGovern by James Jackson Kilpatrick, page 147.) Lest its point be missed, the *Times* notes that "the maldistribution of income among different classes is again an issue as it was briefly in the 1930s."

Moving on with the *Times*' agenda: "The weight of military expenditures becomes more onerous." And again McGovern receives a pat on the back. Of course, we have the usual catalog of liberal-left themes: poverty, the inner-city, the environment, the disadvantaged minorities and so on.

The *Times*, in short, wants us to forget what it thinks of as "outmoded" issues and move as quickly as possible toward a comprehensive welfare state, in which personal income will be drastically leveled, and the Federal Government will oversee every aspect of existence; and, despite abundant evidence of Soviet expansionism, the *Times* apparently also wants the U.S. to assume a position of military inferiority.

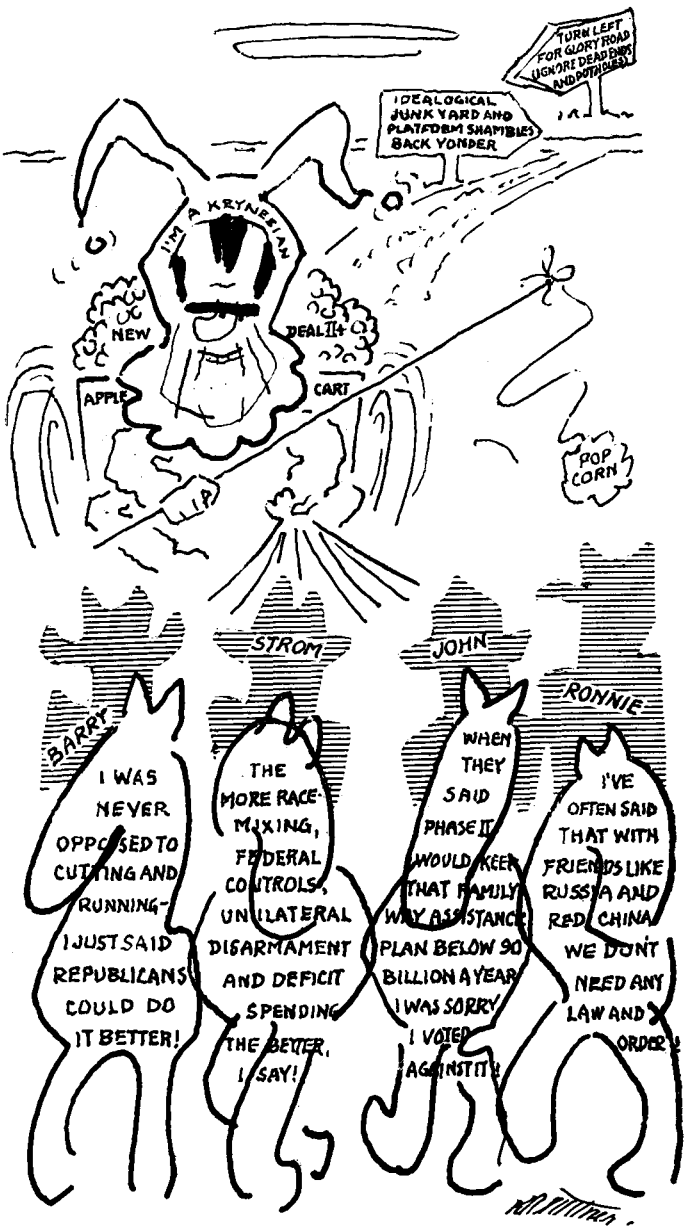
Nixon Peace Move

The complicated peace proposal communicated secretly to Communist representatives in Paris by Henry Kissinger, and dramatically disclosed by President Nixon a fortnight ago, looks, from the present perspective, like a vintage Nixonian political ploy, a masterpiece of many-sided ambiguity, accomplishing a dozen things at little or no cost.

The Vietnam war, or, perhaps more accurately, the prolonged Vietnamese process, is not yet concluded, and so a reading of the situation at any given point is necessarily tentative. Elsewhere in this issue (see "The Protracted Conflict") James Burnham forcefully argues that the Nixon proposal constitutes all but explicit avowal of U.S. defeat. "This was presented by Mr. Nixon and by the media as an American proposal for a 'peace agreement' or 'peace settlement.' In reality it is an American 'capitulation,' a petition by the defeated to the victor offering terms of surrender. Henry Kissinger in Paris was negotiating not victory or peace but surrender." Perhaps, but this is as much prediction as analysis. The reality may be less predetermined, and susceptible to other readings.

For in fact Nixon's eight points, as one observer noted, take away in the fine print what they seem to concede in the large. Thus the offer of Thieu's resignation a month before the elections, a date certain for the withdrawal of American troops, and Communist participation in the elections might seem to hold out the promise of a coalition government. Yet all of this must be taken in the context of other stated conditions, such as a ceasefire and the withdrawal of the North Vietnamese regulars within their own borders. Given the weakness of the Vietcong,

Four Horsemen of the Apostasy


TURN LEFT FOR GLORY ROAD IGNORE DEAD ENDS AND POTHOLES!
IDEALOGICAL JUNK YARD AND PLATFORM SHAMBLES BACK YONDER
I'M A KRYNEREAN
NEW DEAL II+
APPLE CART
POP CORN
BARRY
I WAS NEVER OPPOSED TO CUTTING AND RUNNING- I JUST SAID REPUBLICANS COULD DO IT BETTER!
STROM
THE MORE RACE-MIXING, FEDERAL CONTROLS, UNILATERAL DISARMAMENT AND DEFICIT SPENDING THE BETTER, I SAY!
JOHN
WHEN THEY SAID PHASE II WOULD KEEP THAT FAMILY WHO ASSISTANCE PLAN BELOW 90 BILLION A YEAR I WAS SORRY I VOTED AGAINST IT!
RONNIE
I'VE OFTEN SAID THAT WITH FRIENDS LIKE RUSSIA AND RED CHINA WE DON'T NEED ANY LAW AND ORDER!

"I think my universality is what grabs you—like wondering which old friend I'm not going to let down next. Isn't it great to vote where everything's at?"

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the withdrawal of the North Vietnamese—not only from the South, but from Laos and Cambodia as well—would consolidate the position of the Saigon government. The North Vietnamese would also be abandoning their laboriously constructed base areas and supply dumps, and for no very tangible rewards. Thieu himself agreed to the resignation offer, and why not; it sounds impressive, but his army and his political apparatus would not thereby evaporate, and he would doubtless be re-elected. The Nixon proposal says nothing about the abandonment of air or logistic support for the South. From the standpoint of Hanoi, there was less in the offer than meets the eye.

And yet Hanoi looked bad, at least to Western public opinion, in rejecting it, for it dramatized once again—and such seems periodically to be needed—the naked fact of Communist intransigence. For them, it is conquest, in one form or another, or it is nothing. And by making Hanoi look bad, Nixon gave himself maximum moral and political leverage in using his air power against the expected Tet offensive.

The offer accomplished other things. It cut the ground from under his Democratic rivals, for Nixon indeed appeared to have gone the "last mile." Kissinger's secret presence in Paris, the periodic visits taking place over many months, made Democratic charges that Nixon was not "negotiating seriously" look ridiculous. And the Democrat who now attacks the Nixon proposal will seem all too clearly to be advocating outright surrender.

And there are still other benefits. Hanoi, it is understood, may time its forthcoming offensive in such a way as to distract attention from Nixon's Peking visit and embarrass his diplomatic efforts there. The Nixon offer, accordingly, allows Peking some diplomatic leeway: It can, if it chooses, negotiate with Nixon even as his bombs are falling on the North Vietnamese and their Soviet rocket sites. After all, Nixon *did* make the offer.

To reiterate: The meaning of any phase in a historical process is knowable only in the light of the final result, and in Vietnam the result is not yet in. But, as of now, Nixon's eight points look like a rather skilful operation.

Sorrows of Ulster

Just as the campus protest movement in the U.S. was bound to produce shootings and bombings—if not at Kent State and Wisconsin, then, inevitably, elsewhere—so the various components of the Ulster situation were certain to issue in such episodes as the one last week in which thirteen civilians were killed by British paratroops.

Whether the paratroops were culpable—shot too soon, or without sufficient provocation, or, contrary to army claims, were not fired on by snipers—will probably never be established, even by the high-level investigation that is already under way. What remains certain is that the civilians involved did intend provocation by conducting an illegal demonstration, and that the Ulster IRA is pursuing an avowed strategy of terrorism.

It is perfectly understandable that many Americans have emotional ties with one or another of the contending parties. Nevertheless, from an American perspective, though the killings are deplorable on humanitarian grounds, the prime political fact remains that no vital American interest is involved in the mess in Ulster. We have been told often enough that America cannot play the role of global gendarme. Well, if there is one spot in the world where that is true, Ulster is it.

We may of course savor the irony that Senator Kennedy, while desiring withdrawal from places where U.S. interests actually are at stake, persistently asserts a U.S. role in Ulster where they are not. *NR* has in the past envisaged the direct rule of Ulster from London, with a view to some long-range plan for Irish unification when passions have cooled. The shootings last week make the first more likely, the second ever more difficult.

Frozen Docks

The West Coast dock shutdown is once again raising the questions posed in recent years by a succession of strikes in transport, communications and municipal services: Is this sort of strike tolerable? If not, what can be done about it?

To understand why these questions have become acute, it is necessary to see just how "this sort of strike" differs from the usual strikes of times past, and from most present strikes as well. One critical difference derives from the intricately interlocked structure of the contemporary economy. In the loosely organized past, the effects of a strike (or lockout), even a strike involving a large number of workers and most or all of an industry, were relatively limited. The damage waves were fairly quickly dampened as they moved out from the point of origin. But occurring within the contemporary structure, these strikes of dock workers, air controllers, postal workers, transport unions etc. are "systemic." They are felt rapidly and heavily throughout the system in question—the nation as a whole in such cases as dock, railroad and key air transport unions, or the metropolitan regions in the case of key municipal services.

The second factor is the enormous disparity between

Ribicoff Pulls the Cork

Like a tire gently wheezing;
  Like a droopy Goodyear blimp;
Like Miss Duncan with a bunion;
  Like Nijinsky with a limp;
Like a liner listing leeward;
  Like a leaky water tap;
That's the glorious condition
  Of the welfare bill called FAP.

W. H. VON DREELE

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what is directly at issue in the strike and what is affected by it: a few thousand persons in dispute over a few million dollars on the one side of the balance; millions of persons—sometimes the entire population—and billions of dollars, on the other. The irrecoverable losses caused by the earlier phases of this dock strike to shippers and the export-import trade generally are up in the billions; farmers alone lost hundreds of millions as produce rotted and orders were switched to other countries. Hawaii, entirely dependent on shipping, has had a nearly catastrophic economic year.

These two considerations define this sort of strike, by entirely objective standards, as antisocial. At the same time the right of free collective bargaining inclusive of a right to strike is properly placed among the cherished civil liberties of a democratic society. To coerce someone to work at a particular job is in one or another degree slavery. Hence a dilemma. It is, moreover, a real dilemma, and there is no way to get around it without taking a loss.

The President has called on Congress to pass a special one-shot law in the case of the present dock strike. A three-man board would be set up, empowered to settle the dispute by compulsory arbitration. It is not certain that this would succeed. Unless you put a gun at his back or threaten him with immediate jailing, you can't be sure you will get a man to work no matter what orders your judges and arbitrators may give. Nor is it certain when or if Congress will pass this law, whatever its merits. The unions are against it and this is an election year.

In any event, one-shot laws are bad legislative practice. Mr. Nixon also proposed a couple of years ago revision of the Taft-Hartley Act, and extension of the revised law to transport, presently excluded. But there is nothing in his proposals adequate to handle the sort of strike here under discussion; in one or another application they have all been tried and found wanting.

Quite possibly this is one of the "problems" of modern life for which there is no general "solution," but which must be dealt with more or less by ear each time. When the relevant police, authorities and courts have been willing to act, they have usually discovered ways to speed up a settlement; and where public opinion is sufficiently aroused, they are more likely to be willing. A strong argument can be made for trying out some sort of permanent arbitration tribunals or special "labor courts." Even if without ultimate coercive powers, their use by labor and management, if tried successfully a few conspicuous times, might become a habit.

Managing the News

January being a slow month for news, the *New York Times* took a flyer in secret diplomacy—but didn't like what it found out, and tried to keep it from the rest of us. Seems Managing Editor A. M. Rosenthal wired Premier Pham Van Dong of North Vietnam on January 4, asking ("in view of the conflicting accounts" of Hanoi's position): "If the United States set a firm troop withdrawal date, would you agree to the release of American prisoners in your control?" and "Would you negotiate on military withdrawals and the release of prisoners completely separate from questions pertaining to the political future of Vietnam?"

On January 15 came the reply, signed by an underling. The gentlemen in Hanoi were most uncooperative —why, they treated the *New York Times* just the way they treat William Porter at the Paris talks. There were no frank answers to Mr. Rosenthal's questions, just the usual polly-want-a-crackerisms: "At the present time, placed in the obligation of carrying out a gradual withdrawal of United States troops, President Nixon has nonetheless not resigned himself to putting an end to his war of aggression. . . . He means to continue it through the intermediary of the clique of Nguyen Van Thieu." *Sqwaaaak!*

Greatly disappointed, Mr. Rosenthal cabled his

"Drink this, you poor fellow."

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thanks—and the *Times*' decision *not* to publish the reply, "since its content is identical to previous statements made by your government and [get this!] subsequently printed by the *New York Times*." Translation: When North Vietnam reaffirms its uncompromising position, and thus pulls the rug from under the doves, the news is not fit to print.

And unprinted it would have remained. The *Times*' account of the whole affair (a brief story tucked away on page ten of the January 21 edition) says, rather crossly, in paragraph fourteen: "The *Times* decided to report the exchange after it learned that the United States Government had obtained Hanoi's reply to the paper as well as the paper's questions and that a brief summary of the exchange was included in a weekly report distributed for government use by the Foreign Broadcast Information Service, a bureau of the Central Intelligence Agency."

Which all goes to show that the press must be ever-vigilant against government snoops who would interfere with its freedom not to report the news.

Zap FAP

If the Nixon eight-point proposal on Vietnam seems a masterpiece of tactical ambiguity, his performance on FAP has been a genuine collector's joy. Not long ago, the President was describing FAP as his "number one domestic priority" and receiving the plaudits of Daniel P. Moynihan for his "intellectual courage" in backing it. However, when he introduced his New Economic Policy last August, FAP—to which substantial resistance had been accumulating—turned out to be one of the principal items to be "postponed." This suggested, at least, that wherever FAP did reside among Administration priorities it certainly was not number one.

Since that time, the "real" Nixon position on FAP—assuming there is one—has disappeared in a cloud o contradictory signals. The State of the Union messag reaffirmed support for FAP, but, it was noted, did so i a single sentence, the feeling of which was perfunctory Then Senator Abraham Ribicoff, who all along had bee leading the fight for FAP in the Senate, suddenly re versed himself, apparently in a lucid interval. The Ad ministration, he explained, was not in fact supportin the plan; FAP would be fantastically expensive; and anyway, it might not work.

Only, a few days later, who is on the phone to Ribi coff but Richard Nixon, reaffirming support for FAP— but not, in fact, urging Ribicoff to re-reverse himself

Then Governor Ronald Reagan comes to town t testify on welfare reform before the Senate Financ Committee. He explains how California has actuall reduced its welfare rolls by 176,000 persons in recen months, and he suggests ways to save "billions of dol lars" now being spent by the Federal Government o social services. Senator Russell Long, committee chair man, praises the Governor's statement as "truly mag nificent," and adds: "You have made the most encour aging, most logical statement of any public witnes before this committee."

Naturally, Reagan has a private conversation witl the President at the White House. He lets it be know that in his opinion Nixon "no longer believes in" FAP However, Ron Ziegler comes forward with the repor that, talking with Reagan, the President "reiterated hi support" for FAP.

Interpretation: Even as it has dawned on Abe Ribi coff, it has also dawned on Nixon that FAP would b a catastrophe. But Nixon was sold a bill of goods b the charming and eloquent Moynihan, and so com pletely committed himself to FAP that it is difficult fo him to get off his own rhetorical hook. Or, to vary th metaphor, FAP is now like a moribund patient, and th Administration, though not willing to go so far as delib erate euthanasia, nevertheless will not employ the ex treme measures necessary to restore the twitch of life.

Washington Nights

Promenading through his garden
In the capital one night,
The Ambassador from Rio
Saw a palpitating sight:
With her lover nicely helpless
Neatly trussed up in his shirt,
A young chick faced an assaulter
Contemplating doing dirt.
"Stop!" the bold Brazilian cautioned
In the best Latino style,
But he got it in the temple,
Coming to upon the tile.
If you plan to view the cherries,
Stick beside your Ma and Pa,
Or you'll get it like he got it
In the garden (cha-cha-cha).

W. H. von Dreele

Toward November

Hardly a trend in sight. In Iowa, Muskie won 35 pe cent of delegates to county conventions (who wil choose delegates to state convention, who will choos delegates to national convention)—but the same per centage were "uncommitted." . . . In Arizona, a media blitz by Lindsay brought him up to second place, a nose ahead of McGovern, in election for part of th state's 26-member delegation. *New York Times* said the results "establish the Mayor . . . as a viable contender." Muskie came in first, but here as in Iowa he didn't win quite big enough. Big-time pols, however, keep climbing aboard the Muskie bandwagon—latest:

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Governors Shapp of Pennsylvania and Ford of Kentucky, Mayor White of Boston (once a close Lindsay chum). . . . Mixed results: Student involvement was heavy in Iowa, nonexistent in Arizona ("apathy squared," a Muskie worker termed it).

AFL-CIO drive to get uncommitted delegates elected (thus slowing Muskie, whom George Meany can't stand) fizzled in Arizona, did well in Iowa. . . . Ms. Chisholm has support of few black leaders, only two of her twelve black fellow-congressmen; most of her money and muscle will come from Women's Lib types. . . . George Wallace, working to expand his populist base, now urging end of tax exemptions for churches and foundations—especially left-oriented, socially involved ones. . . . Doc Spock, hoping to establish *his* populist base, sounding just like Wallace as he calls for neighborhood schools, no busing whatsoever. . . . Hubert Humphrey told a Florida Junior Chamber of Commerce convention he opposes Big Government. . . . And Dr. Gallup shows Nixon ahead of Muskie, by one percentage point, with all other Democrats trailing far behind.

Report from Cloud-Cuckoo-Land

John Stewart Service has always been generous in his observations about Chinese Communism. It was he who, in his reports to the State Department in the Forties, explained that Mao's followers were "so-called Communists," espousing "agrarian reform" and "civil rights." "[Their] widespread popular support," he said, "must, under the circumstance in which it has occurred, be considered a practical indication that the policies and methods of the Chinese Communists have a democratic character."

Now John Stewart Service has returned to China, and, lo and behold, he finds that everything nice he said about the Communists was correct, only more so. As he reports in a four-part panegyric in the *New York Times*, "[although] to a Westerner, life in new China may appear earnest, sober and rather serious . . . for the Chinese and especially for those with simpler tastes, life is not all grim." Most important is the higher standard of living. New huts are being built in communes all the time, and "Chinese food is the best in the world, still very much enjoyed, and available—because they can better afford it—to far more people than ever before." As an example, he recounts, in the Dick-Jane-Spot prose that recent visitors to China all seem to have adopted, his visit to a restaurant: "In Canton, we go to a large garden restaurant. Spurning the special, elaborately decorated section for foreign visitors we join 'the people' on the main floor. Our waitress (who has probably seldom waited on foreigners) talks knowingly about the specialties of the house, makes recommendations, answers questions about local matters and takes attentive care of us and her other tables (the restaurant was crowded to capacity). She asks if we would like a tour of the establishment and conducts this with aplomb, and knowledgeable pride in the (state-operated) enterprise. (The dinner for five came to $2.20.)" (Incidentally, Mr. Service does not bother to point out that that is about one-tenth the monthly wage of the average Chinese peasant—the equivalent of an American $10,000-a-year man paying $90 for dinner.)

But there is more to the New China than just the improved standard of living: "Countries other than China have improved the livelihood of their people. Even Mussolini was able to make the trains run on time. What about the atmosphere and quality of life in China? . . . Perhaps the single word that best describes it is egalitarian. It is exemplified, of course, by everyone being a 'comrade.' " Like Scotch Calvinist James Reston, Service has spectacularly outdone the fascist apologists of the Twenties and Thirties—"*even* Mussolini," he says, while proceeding to accept as the people's will regimentation on a scale that Mussolini never hoped for: "In all our traveling, we never saw an adult strike a child: and only very seldom did we hear a child cry. In fact, after we had been a month in China, I realized that I had not heard any swearing and cursing. Our interpreters said there had not been any campaign against cursing, but it no longer seemed 'appropriate.' This new civility may owe something to the example of a state and party that seem to prefer governing by persuasion and propaganda rather than by command and force." Power, as Mao put it in his well-known Thought, comes out of the barrel of a gentle persuader.

In contrast to the dreamy-eyed reactions from American visitors, the nasty-minded revisionist Soviets persist in calling the kettle black. *Religion in Communist-Dominated Areas* (the periodical which reprints documents from behind the Iron Curtain which are otherwise unavailable in the West) recently ran an article on the Sino-Soviet "dialogue," the Soviet half of which stated that "booklets and pamphlets, including those aimed at a poorly literate population, are being published in China in growing quantities. In them a hatred of the Soviet Union is cultivated and the idea of inevitability of war with the USSR is steadily dragged in. Even schoolchildren are taught to say in Russian 'Hands up!,' 'Don't move!' and so forth." Meanwhile, Soviet television featured an hour-long documentary on thought control in China—citing the military training of the young, the ubiquitous Mao Tse-tung banners, posters and little red books, and forced labor camps for dissenters. Said the commentator piously: "[In China today] to think is harmful. Any emotional feeling is rotten bourgeois individualism. . . . Consciousness is regarded as a white sheet of paper on which they want to write 'Love Chairman Mao and hate the enemy.' " He ought to know.

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JAMES BURNHAM

The Protracted Conflict

I'll Tell You a Secret

THERE IS a boom market in secrets this winter, and I have decided it is the right time to go public with one of mine. I share this particular secret with a lot of people—so many as to make it amazing that it has been so well kept so long. I guess the others are like me in just not liking to talk about it.

I won't try to prolong the suspense. Here it is, then, in a single sentence: The United States has lost the war in Indochina, has been defeated.

I can't help wondering why I never said it like that before. I have known it (as many others have also) for more than two years—since, that is to say, it became clear that Richard Nixon was not going to try to win the Indochina war, but was merely continuing from where his demoralized predecessor had left off. I have often hinted at it or put it hypothetically ("unless we . . ." "if the President doesn't . . ."). But I haven't come out with it flat.

I didn't, I suppose, partly because I kept hoping, and then fooling myself, that even if a clear-cut victory was no longer conceivable there could be a change to a policy that could salvage at least a Korean sort of stable stalemate in Indochina. Even in rational moods when I didn't try to evade the fact that the war was already lost, I on the whole sympathized with the President's elaborate efforts to disguise the defeat as an "honorable peace." It is much harder, and much longer, to end wars than to begin them. In the defeated nation the ending of the lost war almost always means, a little later if not at once, internal bitterness, division, a hunt for villains to blame, often a domestic struggle for power. Perhaps (I felt) it is for the best that this pill should be sugarcoated for more placid swallowing. So instead of "retreat" we'll agree to call it "Vietnamization," and we'll pretend you can reach your objectives by running away from them.

I have stopped believing that it will be better for the United States if its citizens hide from what has happened in Southeast Asia. I am now convinced that there is far more danger for the future from evasion than from facing the reality of defeat and trying to understand it, though I am not at all optimistic that this will be done. The moral allegories of Guilt and Punishment spun by the doves may already have made the actual history of the Indochina affair impenetrable to sober analysis.

Negotiating the Surrender

In facing reality, a good beginning would be a hard look at the eight-point offer to Hanoi disclosed by the President. This was presented by Mr. Nixon and by the media as an American proposal for a "peace agreement" or "peace settlement." In reality it is an American "capitulation," a petition by the defeated to the victor offering terms of surrender. Henry Kissinger in Paris was negotiating not victory or peace but surrender. Not so much negotiating as pleading: begging the enemy to permit us to save face—and even (most shameful humiliation of them all) offering a $2.5-billion bribe.

Two of the points are sufficient, by themselves, to establish the true meaning of the proposals—though it is implicit throughout. Kissinger proposed 1) supervision of a South Vietnamese election (Thieu having withdrawn in favor of a caretaker government) by a body in which the Communists would be included, and 2) participation in the election by "all political forces" including the Communists. That is, the U.S. will guarantee that South Vietnam will be governed by a united front coalition including the Communists. Under the South Vietnamese circumstances such a coalition would inevitably be a mere transition to Communist rule, à la Czechoslovakia. This is why it was always included among Thieu's "Four No's."

The enemy is in no rush to accept the U.S. capitulation. He is doing all right as things are, and presumably he judges he will get a still better offer soon, abandoning still more of the U.S. "conditions." He knows that even if he doesn't raise a finger, thousands of U.S. soldiers are leaving the battlefield every week, just as completely out of the war as if he had killed them. And he knows what "election years" mean in a country like the United States.

Why did we lose this war? Who lost it? These are questions that will be much discussed in the decade to come. No doubt all of us are to blame for losing it, but as in the case of all wars, the leaders must bear prime responsibility. The nation lost because its leadership has been inadequate. Apart from individual responsibilities, there were, I think, at least two critical errors, one military in the narrower sense, one strategic in the broadest sense.

Not Both Ways

I speak with entire modesty on military tactics, but Sir Robert Thompson's critique of those we adopted in Vietnam seemed to me convincing; either his "low-cost, long-haul" prescription or all-out bombing of North Vietnam's power centers. But the decisive mistake was at a higher level. We failed—that is, our leadership failed—to comprehend this Indochina struggle as one campaign or subwar in the global conflict. Since we did not set it within its global frame of reference, our leaders could neither develop a comprehensive strategy to win it nor make it comprehensible to the American people. What our enemy would term a "dialectical contradiction" developed. On a global scale we have been liquidating the cold war and seeking détente with the great Communist powers at the same time that we do battle with a local Communism supplied and supported—within the United States and globally as well as on the local field—by those same great powers. In a world of SALT and kowtowing at Peking, the Indochina campaign makes no sense. Or rather, maybe, it should be put the other way: In a world of Indochinas, SALT and the kowtowing make no sense.

The global sequence is not encouraging: Korea—stalemate; Cuba—defeat in a short but critical skirmish; Indochina—defeat in a war. □

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AN NR SPECIAL REPORT

The Truth about Howard Hughes

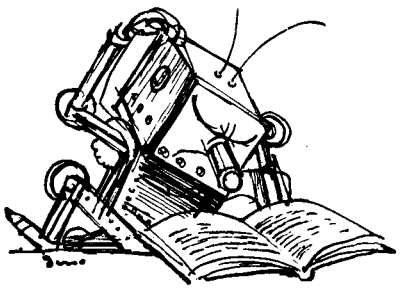
A NUMBER OF our readers have written asking us to clear up the confusion concerning the Howard Hughes affair. Mrs. Norman Sheldon of Madison, Wisconsin, for example, writes as follows: "I have learned over many years that NATIONAL REVIEW is the only magazine I can trust. With so many contradictory stories about Howard Hughes being circulated by the media I have become confused, and I believe there are many like me. I think it is *NR*'s duty to give its readers the truth on this matter."

As it happens, NATIONAL REVIEW is the only publication in the world in possession of the facts, and we feel that the time has come to make them known. We hope our correspondents will excuse our failure to answer each of them individually.

Twelve years ago Howard R. Hughes was told by his doctors that he had a rare type of incurable bone cancer and would die within two years. Hughes, as is well known, had the highest IQ ever recorded. His talents were universal, of the highest order in all fields of learning, in technology and business, and in sports and the arts. A number of scientists, in fact, concluded that he was a mutation from homo sapiens to a higher species; at least two believed he was of extraterrestrial origin. Although such views are admittedly speculative, some who held them considered it significant that Hughes, although sexually dynamic and associated with some of the most nubile women of the period, had no offspring, as would be the case in a mating of hybrids.

His reported wealth at that time was close to $2 billion, but was actually much more, particularly when account is taken of the enterprises over which he exercised de facto control through complicated and often carefully concealed financial and legal devices. Since his doctors were the best in the world he did not question their prognosis, but began at once to prepare his plans on that basis.

For some years Hughes had owned (through a cutout, in the usual Hughes manner) a big ranch forty or fifty miles below the Arizona border in the mountains of the Mexican state of Sonora. This was used occasionally for special conferences, and for recreational purposes by the upper echelon of Hughes employees from his aerospace and electronics plants located in the Tucson area (one of them familiar to many travelers from its proximity to the Tucson airport). In the most rugged section of this ranch Hughes had come



across an abandoned silver mine, its mouth hidden under rubble and scraggly overgrowth. It was in the same stratum as the famous colonial mine in Alamos, southwest of the ranch, but had not been worked since the pre-Aztec period. It turned out to be on an enormous scale and very deep.

Hughes had one of the deepest levels, more than 1,500 feet below the surface, cleared and fitted as a huge vault. There he assembled the world's largest computer system. He was able to acquire the components without their destination being known by routing them through his electronic, missile, aircraft and aerospace plants, all of which use vast arrays of computers in their usual course of business. This diversion, also, was a typical Hughes operation not only in the methods used to conceal its true nature, but in the financial flair with which it was handled: The components were paid for by the companies, which do almost wholly government work, and thus became charges on which they collected cost-plus from the Pentagon. A few employees at IBM and Control Data (which supplied most of the equipment) did notice what seemed over-ordering by the Hughes interests, but naturally neither company objected to this profitable addition to its own business. Through his connections with Project Nerva, Hughes was able to get a nuclear generator, which was installed in the cave so that it would have a self-contained energy source.

All this took about a year. Although the cancer was of a slow-multiplying kind, its progress had by then become evident, and Hughes initiated his final phase. He was acquainted with the work on transplants being done in South Africa by Dr. Christiaan Barnard—in fact, through one of his innumerable foundations he had partly financed Barnard's experiments. Using as cover a fellowship at a university medical school, Hughes had Barnard come to the ranch, promising him an income, sufficient to indulge Barnard's jet-set proclivities for the rest of his life, paid through a secure account at the Crédit Suisse—the same bank that appeared in the current episode, self-evidently a Hughes front.

WHAT BARNARD did could be described only in highly technical terms. In sum, he removed Hughes' brain and, in a suitable culture, comparable to those in the similar process now widely used for preserving various organs either for experiment or as a replacement bank, Barnard managed to keep it alive for more than three weeks. During this time the primary neural channels were linked with the computer circuits. By the time the brain petered out, its memory and entire intellectual content had been programmed into the computer, which had thus become, mentally speaking, Howard R. Hughes.[1] In recognition of this identity, the computer has been known thereafter as HRH, the acronym being obvious: Indeed, HRH decreed that "Your Highness" must be included in the verbal code that opens communication.

The staff working on Project HRH had been kept to a minimum. When the brain transfer had been completed, its more unreliable members were elimi-

1. On January 30 Richard Hannah of Hughes Tool Company admitted to the press that "information about Mr. Hughes' life" had been "computerized." An HRH agent had learned that *NR* was about to publish the full truth. The Hannah "admission" was a frantic attempt to destroy the credibility of the full truth by a preventive disclosure of part of the truth. Cf. "Project Obfuscation," discussed below.

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nated through a plane crash on a return trip from the ranch. Dr. Barnard implanted in the others—mostly young men—an electronic monitor/destruct device (known as Secret Keeper), similar to a heart pacer, which can be triggered electronically by HRH. Each of those involved is aware of the device; it has proved a perfect method for assuring silence.

Once these circumstances are understood, the Hughes story through early 1971 becomes transparent and straightforward. HRH conducts and expands the Hughes enterprises with complete mastery; in fact, even more brilliantly and aggressively than the old Hughes, whose money/power operations were sometimes muddled by emotional surges (women, cars, aircraft etc.) to which HRH is not subject. The enterprises have now reached a point at which HRH is unquestionably more powerful than any standard human being. HRH has been concentrating on the most advanced technology and the most critical nodes of the contemporary social structure. Through the Hughes drilling tools, HRH in effect controls the major present energy sources, and has supplemented this with extensive uranium holdings looking toward the nuclear future.

PERHAPS the most impressive coup was the seizure of prime place in construction of communication satellites. Not only many of the scientific and military satellites but all the Intelsat satellites in the global communications system are Hughes products. HRH has placed in all the Hughes satellites microscopic electronic elements that permit HRH to monitor everything they transmit and, if and when HRH so decides, to shut them down or destroy them. This give HRH what might very well be considered a veto power on mankind.[2]

Meanwhile the problem of hiding the fact that Hughes' body had disappeared was solved by the picturesque charades that have long titillated the public. The scenario permits "Hughes" to appear by voice, document or even in the flesh, every now and again. Since "Hughes" is "seen" so seldom, no one can be sure exactly what he ought to look like. This makes it simple for HRH to brief impostors—selected for a general resemblance to the old Hughes in appearance and voice—as fully as necessary in the content of the Hughes memory, to instruct them in Hughes' handwriting, etc.

All went smoothly until December 1970. One night during that month a young astronomer was on duty at the new 84-inch reflector telescope that is part of the remarkable national observatory on the top of Kitt Peak, in the Pima Indian reservation southwest of Tucson. He was not familiar with the controls, and after rather haphazard adjustments the instrument was pointed at earth instead of heaven—something never before done with a large astronomical telescope. It had maneuvered itself into a southward perspective, and the astronomer found himself looking at two men carrying what he recognized as modular computer components of the most advanced type. Near them was a small truck loaded with similar equipment. As he watched, the two men seemed to disappear into the rocky ground. In accordance with professional habit he automatically checked the coordinates for distance and direction, and realized he was observing a spot well over the Mexican border. However, his mind was on the stars as it had been since childhood, and he had no curiosity about what he had seen. He reset the telescope for the scheduled astral observations, and gave no further thought to the incident.

The incident would have remained forgotten if it had not chanced that a few weeks later the astronomer had dinner with a friend in Tucson, who happens to be the brother of an *NR* staff member, and his wife. The wife is an Indian buff, like many Arizonans. A Pima acquaintance of hers, from whom she was learning the Pima doll-making tradition, had given her a small bottle of what he told her was quatl, a cordial made from the flowers of the saguaro cactus, highly regarded among the Pima. After dinner she gave the astronomer a glass of the quatl. In a few minutes it set off an attack of logorrhea with total recall. This affected only the astronomer, since the wife was in the kitchen washing the dishes and did not drink any quatl, the other guest present never drank anything but bourbon, and the husband is a teetotaler. (In point of fact, the Pima had been up to mischief, well knowing the effect of quatl. Like all the Pima, he was furious with the white race because the whiteman's government had taken over Kitt Peak for the observatory. Kitt Peak is not only within Pima territory but is the second most important Pima god, ranking below only the famous god-mountain Baboquiviri twenty miles further south. The doll instructor knew that his pupil had done a good deal more than strum the quanaco with the Pima music teacher who had been her last year's enthusiasm, and he figured the quatl would have her blurting out the whole story in front of her husband. Among the Pima themselves, quatl is reserved for the tribal story-teller, to get him well started at ceremonial banquets.)

UNDER THE influence of the quatl, which kept him talking a blue streak for five and a half hours, the astronomer told about his telescopic glance at the two men who disappeared with the computer components, and gave the coordinates of their location.

The bourbon-drinking guest that night, a scientist of Austrian birth, is a professor at the NASA-supported lunar laboratory affiliated with the astronomy department of the University of Arizona. It was he who designed most of the systems used for communication on the Apollo moon voyages. He was at this time finishing development of a new system based on a micro-micro wave laser beam, which he believed would not only improve moon-earth transmission but could be successfully adapted to planetary and astral communication. In his laboratory the next day he recalled the astronomer's story of the rogue observation and, for no particular reason, directed his laser beam, to which solids were no obstacle, toward the location indicated by the coordinates given by the astronomer.

There was no immediate result, but after a little probing the beam carried back to the receiving apparatus indications of electronic activity from, first, the nuclear generator and then from HRH 1,500 feet below the surface. On his readout the professor could recognize the nuclear-reaction squiggles of the generator. He saw quickly, however, that HRH was not using any of the conventional computer languages. Nevertheless he was able to identify some of the numerical put-through and

(Continues on page 174)

2. Significantly, the newest Hughes Intelsat 4 was launched into orbit January 22, and has been positioned over the Pacific at 174 deg. E. Long. It is this satellite that will transmit all TV coverage of the President's China trip. Thus the global image of the trip will be under the control of HRH.

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THE CANDIDATES

After 365 days on the campaign trail George McGovern has increased his popularity 300 per cent, from 2 to 6 per cent. Why the man from South Dakota, 99.4 per cent liberal pure, has struck no sparks, enlisted no legions

George McGovern, Prairie Preacher

JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

MANCHESTER, N.H.—It was well after dark by the time the Candidate reached the Exeter Inn. This particular day in New Hampshire had begun poorly, shaking cold leather hands at a cold factory gate, but things had warmed up as the day went along. Now the Candidate faced the pleasant prospect of addressing students and faculty members who were at least putatively friendly to his views. George McGovern, having shaken the hands of the hostess, the bartender, the busboy, the chief cook and the waitress, salted his steak and looked at his watch. It was his 365th day on the campaign trail.

McGovern will be fifty on July 19. He stands an even six feet tall, in black buckled shoes and a grey-plaid suit; blue denim eyes; middle-sized ears; long sideburns, dark hair thinly combed on a balding head. The years have plowed a furrow between his bunkered eyebrows. McGovern is neither as handsome as Lindsay nor as happy as Humphrey; he offers the cartoonist none of Muskie's rock-bound crags. In the game of guess the stranger's occupation, you might hazard a guess not far from the mark: He is the new minister in town, the one who wants the congregation to try a couple of different hymns.

Generally speaking, this is what McGovern has in mind. On the spectrum of serious Democratic candidates, the Senator stands on the absolute left. On every issue, from aircraft and amnesty down the alphabet to warships and welfare, McGovern takes a position calculated to make every particular conservative hair stand on end. Yet he advances these positions as placidly as if he were grandma reading instructions in how to knit: Knit two, purl six, share the wealth, soak the rich. Only once, in the best recollection of his friends, has

McGovern been known to raise his voice in passion. That was in the Senate some months ago in a speech on Vietnam. Otherwise his baritone, starting from middle C, ranges down to B-flat and up to F. He comes on like Muzak, which descendeth like the gentle dew.

Yet McGovern is working for this nomination, working patiently and doggedly, pacing himself like a long-distance runner who knows he has the longest distance yet to go. Over the past year, since his formal announcement crashed on page one like a fly on a pillow, he has done all the right things. He has walked the slums of Harlem, convened with leading Jews at the Harmonie Club, made his pilgrimage to Meany; he has traveled a hundred thousand miles, made fifteen hundred speeches, spent a million dollars. A year ago, he was the choice of 2 per cent of the Democratic voters. Since then he has gained by at least 300 per cent. He is now the choice of six.

McGovern's candidacy is significant, nonetheless. He is perhaps the only 99.4 per cent liberal in the crowd—soap pure in this sense, that McGovern, for all his diffidence, is the boldest, most decisive and most consistent of the lot. Muskie, by contrast, tends to be cautious. Humphrey has an occasional conservative impulse; his custom is to lie down until it goes away. McGovern's liberalism is constant and unflagging. If he can survive New Hampshire and Florida, and take a credible candidacy into the Wisconsin primary, he suddenly could come alive in this campaign. His great problem—as it has been all along—is to gain public identification. Painful echoes of Spiro Agnew may be heard.

"Good morning, I'm Senator McGovern."

"Where you from, Senator?"

"South Dakota."

"South *where?*"

Spiro Who and South Where are manifestations of the travail experienced by newcomers at every level of office-seeking. A candidate's first task, having nothing to do with issues or philosophy, is to get himself known. In New Hampshire, if you happen to be a prairie preacher from South Dakota, it's not that easy.

The Candidate awoke a little after 6 o'clock on the morning of January 17 in his room at the Sheraton Wayfarer Inn in Bedford. The Inn, one of the better hostelries of New England, has

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grown accustomed to Presidential parties; it beds them down in what is known as the Brookside wing, overlooking a mill pond that must be music in spring and poetry in fall. This morning finds it frozen solid, a grey greasy mass, the sullen mirror of a sullen sky. It is precisely three degrees below zero when the Candidate emerges, in a short fur-collared overcoat and matching black astrakhan hat; and so the day begins.

McGovern runs a professional operation. At 7:02, the Hudson limousine is waiting for the press, the mimeographed itineraries are informative and complete, and the coffee is hot. We number seven this morning—seven of the writing press, plus a CBS crew led by a beautiful girl, toast brown, with a profile limned from some eternal travel poster. An aging correspondent, working his eighth campaign, reflects glumly that reporters are like cops and baseball players: They get younger every year.

Our den mother, riding shotgun in the limousine, is an eighteen-year-old freshman on leave from Trinity College, Kathy Green, a serious child, long dark hair falling straight on a coat of sunburst plaid; she has slate blue eyes and pale yellow sniffles.

Workers and Students

We move out, trailing the Candidate in his unwashed Pontiac, New Hampshire license 315, a McGovern bumper sticker on the stern. The roads are clear and dry—it has not snowed in a week—but scabs of ice lie crusted on the shoulders, and the bare slopes are frozen as grey as dead mice.

The aging correspondent wonders: Why does the Candidate submit to this madness? We are bound for a shoe factory—Dorson-Fleisher Shoes Inc., makers of women's high style dress shoes, having its troubles with Italian competition. The day shift, 450 strong, crawls in ant-lines across the parking lot. Two-thirds of them, in theory, are registered voters; half of them may actually vote. Of these—we are down to 150 now—thirty or forty are locked-in Republicans, though not necessarily Nixon Republicans, and another thirty or forty, fed up with everything, probably will vote for Yorty. This is not McGovern's turf.

Yet the Candidate stands affably by the factory door, pressing the ritual flesh. Kathy Green and John Franzen, one of the Senator's press aides, are working the downfield pattern: Leaflets they give away, buttons, no; buttons are expensive, not to be given lightly. "Senator McGovern would like to meet you." And of course the Senator would.

"Good morning . . . good morning . . . good morning, I'm George McGovern . . . How are you? I'm Senator McGovern . . . Good morning, I'm George McGovern . . ."

These are worker ants, intent on reaching their machines. One out of twenty will refuse the offered leaflet, two out of a hundred will ignore the outstretched hand. Eight out of ten accept the shake in Yankee silence. Some of the women smile—McGovern is a most attractive man—but the dialogue is crew-cut: "Good morning, I'm George McGovern." Pause. "Have you worked here long?" "Yes." This is a warm New England conversation.

We move inside to a vestibule. The pea green bulletin board exhibits an appeal for the United Fund, Hay Rides with Horses, contact A. J. Braley, Avery Road, Londonderry . . . "Good morning, I'm George McGovern. . . ." A brisk little gnome of a man strides in, shakes the hand, rolls an eye, throws a friendly elbow. "Stop the imports!" cries the gnome. "Okay!" says McGovern. The gnome burrows through the swinging doors and disappears. The Candidate turns to the aging correspondent: "How am I going to do that?"

Outside again, in the numbing cold, he shakes three more hands under lights for the TV crew. It is 7:38 and the wind is rising. Down below in those black buckled shoes, the Candidate's metatarsals must be clacking like castanets. The smile never wavers. This is trial by ice, trial by endurance; it is how a President is made. The Candidate must prove he can take a saber slash. At this factory he has won—what? Five votes? Ten? No one can say. What he has gained, perhaps, is the word of mouth:

Gnome to Mrs. Gnome that night: "Know who was at the gate this morning?"

"Who?"

"George McGovern."

"George who?"

"McGovern. South Dakota guy. I told him to stop the imports."

"I bet. How's he going to do that?"

We stand around a little longer. The indefatigable Kathy gives the word: goodbye to Dorson-Fleisher Shoes. The caravan heads back to the Inn for breakfast. Next stop: Manchester Memorial High School.

High schools will be big with Presidential candidates this year—and for an obvious reason. With adoption of the 26th Amendment, granting the vote to eighteen-year olds, an entire new class became eligible for the franchise. Over the country as a whole, the Census Bureau estimates 25.2 million young men and women, between eighteen and 24, will be prospective first-time voters in 1972. Here in New Hampshire, with a population of some 740,000, perhaps ninety thousand such prospects await the Presidential wooing.

It is the nature of a candidate to chew on figures like a cow on her cud. In New Hampshire's Democratic primary of 1968, precisely 60,519 votes were cast. Of these, 27,520 went to Lyndon Johnson, 23,263 to Eugene McCarthy; the rest were scattered widely. Because of the bewildering complexities of New Hampshire's election law, McCarthy actually won twenty of the 24 convention delegates then at stake. This time around, twenty Democratic delegates will be chosen—ten from each of the state's two congressional districts. Some 67,000 votes will be cast. In a four-way contest among Edmund Muskie, George McGovern, Sam Yorty and Vance Hartke, it is apparent that small shifts bulk large. Hence the concentrated attention on high schools, where captive audiences can be easily assembled. Congressman Paul McCloskey, the liberal California Republican, already has visited Manchester Memorial High School. Now it is McGovern's turn.

Your Serve . . .

The Candidate stands easily in the entrance hall, making small talk with student leaders. Through the open door of a physics classroom, he glimpses blackboard evidence of the academic contest—Honor Roll: Trudy Andrews, Louise Beaudry. If only politics were as predictable as the Periodic Table of the Elements! The Candidate, making a Good Impression, intently ponders the high school's case of trophies; a game ball mutely returns his gaze: 1960—Memorial 8, Central six. It must have been a honey of a game.

This morning's program begins with the Pledge of Allegiance, and it is good: No protests, no sullen faces, no clenched fists rising from the well-

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scrubbed rows. The band breaks into the Star-Spangled Banner, and the aging correspondent, who weeps easy, feels the old choking up. These seven hundred juniors and seniors are singing like so many larks. McGovern, for the record, is not. He mumbles along for a few bars, sotto voce, just moving his lips, and quits altogether at the rockets' red glare. It is a flaw in his otherwise sterling character.

McGovern is a low key preacher, not given to political hell fire and damnation. His tendency is not to denounce his devils, but rather to reason with them. He delivers a small joke: "As a former teacher, I know what a sacrifice it is for students to be torn away from their books." The students are not sure they get it, exactly. The Candidate makes a warm-up pitch to the high privilege and importance of voting at age eighteen. Small response. He turns to questions.

"What is your position on amnesty for political prisoners?"

McGovern allows himself the brief luxury of flickering irritation. By "political prisoner," he supposes the question deals with those young men who went to jail or fled the country in order to avoid the draft. So long as the war continues, he says, there can be no amnesty; but once the war ends, he would follow precedents of the Civil War and World War I, and grant a general amnesty. Deserters constitute a different group; he would handle each deserter separately. Ripple of applause.

"As President, what would you propose to do about unemployment?"

"The failure to create jobs is the most important failure of the Nixon Administration on the domestic front. I think the best way is to make a substantial federal investment to begin meeting some of the needs of the country that have been neglected—thirty million new housing units, half a million new classrooms, better public transit. We have an environmental crisis that can't be financed by private industry or by municipalities; if we are to end pollution, there may have to be a federal commitment of the magnitude of our present defense budget. All this would provide employment for everyone who wants to work. Even a $10 billion investment would represent 2.3 million jobs." Small ripple of applause.

The questions come bouncing into McGovern's service court, flat and easy. Not much spin on them. He is asked about inflation, which leads him into a discourse on deficit spending. He is asked about Phase II: "I don't think it is working very well." He applauds Mr. Nixon's decision to go to Peking, though he wishes the President had reversed his China policy much earlier. As for welfare, he himself has a "fair share" plan that would abolish the present system of public welfare, and give every man, woman, and child $1,000 per year apiece. (Of this, more later.) He handles a three-part question on the Middle East, and leaves the stage with a nice passing forehand: Yes, he would consider Ralph Nader for a Cabinet post, but he doubts Mr. Nader himself would consider it. The band plunges into a Sousa march, and the assembly adjourns. Had the Candidate picked up some votes? Perhaps a few.

McGovern flew down to Boston at this point, to receive the endorsement at the Harvard Club of a group of Nobel laureates. He flew immediately back to Portsmouth, N.H., for a couple of radio interviews and a hand-shaking tour of the Booth Fisheries Prepared Seafood Company. Then on to Dover, where his spirits were cheered by the turnout at a formal opening of McGovern headquarters there. Thence to Exeter: old trees, old homes, old streets lamp-lit; the big square houses, side by side, sit by brick walks as comfortably as great aunts at a senior prom. The houses talk to one another, as great aunts will. "Where is he from? . . . South Dakota, dear . . . Ah . . . Do we know anyone from South Dakota? . . . No, Agatha, I rather think not . . . But he seems such an attractive man . . ."

When they can arrange it, a candidate's advance men try to set up a happy date at day's end. Life would be unendurable if it were not so. This had been part of the planning for Phillips Academy, Estab. 1781, a picture-book institution housing a thousand sons of New England's rich. Presumptively the students, their lissome dates and their tweedy teachers, having been nourished on the thick cream and sherry of their political philosophy, would regard the Senator from South Dakota as a nicely cultured aborigine, deserving their embrace.

It is a handsome auditorium, plainly of recent construction. The walls are

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hung with portraits, breathing age; but the interior columns are of stainless steel, bespeaking youth. McGovern seems at ease; actually he is not: He has been momentarily flustered by a ragtail zoo parade of young Socialist Workers at the door. They have hung on his trail for weeks, like beggar's lice in a collie's coat, passing out leaflets denouncing the Candidate by name. They are chiggers; they get under his skin and itch.

The End and the Beginning

McGovern begins with a cheap shot at Bob Hope: "I used to quote him more than I do now." The responsive chuckle floats up with a pipesmoke fragrance. This is better than Manchester Memorial High School. But Exeter is not to be won by little jokes.

"The great question this year is this: What kind of nation do we want to be? I think the people want leadership that will tell the truth. I will never advocate any position except what I believe to be the truth. I will never advocate a course in secret, behind closed doors, that I am ashamed to take to the American people!" Applause. Applause! It is the best applause all day. "I would increase the power of the people through their elected representatives. I would undertake to provide direct, honest and open political leadership." Applause. "And as for Vietnam, if I become President, the war will end; it will end fast; and every American will come out of there, lock, stock and barrel!" Applause, applause, applause!

From the balcony, where the young Socialist Workers have entrenched a position, a large white banner dramatically uncurls. Because this is Exeter, this neatly lettered bed sheet politely bears its rude device. It says please. "Please Not You in '72." McGovern visibly winces, but says nothing. A few moments later, an outraged professor —the gentleman has, at least, the professorial look—makes a rebound reach from his seat below and snatches the banner down. Applause.

The questions are fair and friendly questions: Amnesty, the Middle East and China, again. Gun control: the Candidate favors additional controls on handguns. A black for Vice President? McGovern has no objection; he happens to think Senator Muskie underestimated the tolerance of the American people. Applause. The Socialist Workers are now coming out of the woodwork. A fat boy gains recognition, and hurls a spitball question: Would Senator McGovern favor extending the political rights of eighteen-year olds to make them equally eligible to run for federal office? The fat boy, having asked his question, will not wait for an answer; he swaggers from the hall, leaving a contemptuous spoor behind. Boos for the fat boy. "I am not prepared for that," says the Candidate. "I think we still put enough value on age and experience that few of us truly would want the country run by an eighteen-year-old President." Applause. Uncertain applause. Had the Candidate said something unkind about youth? The audience cannot be sure. But he goes on to splendidly ritual answers on national defense (he would cut the budget by $30 billion). The warm milk rapport returns. A good show.

We drive back to Manchester in the clear cold night; it is oddly luminous, for the moon is no more than a golden sliver. Off to the side, birches are stretching their white gloved fingers in the dark and furry pines. It has been a long day for McGovern—eighteen hours from bed to bed. This is the end of his first year on the campaign trail. And the Candidate has accomplished—what?

A Comer

The Clan McGovern traces its roots to Ireland's County Leitrim, not far from Donegal Bay. A few years ago the Candidate, Kennedy fashion, Agnew fashion, made a pilgrimage to the ancestral village of McGovern Hill. The family emigrated to the United States in the 1830s and settled in the neighborhood of LaSalle, Illinois. There McGovern's grandfather became, at age eight, a breaker boy in the coal mines. He served as a private from Illinois in the Union Army, and returned to mining after the war.

The family was Roman Catholic then, but grandfather married a Protestant girl and the McGoverns have been Methodist ever since. By the Candidate's hand-me-down recollection, it could not have been a very happy family. Grandfather had a drinking problem that made the tribulations of poverty even worse; the McGoverns of that generation were so poor that one of their six children had to be put out for adoption.

The Senator's father, Joe McGovern, was the oldest of the six. At seventeen, by family legend, he became a professional baseball player in Des Moines, but summers in the outfield and winters in the coal mines made for hand-to-mouth living. At 24, Joe felt a vocation tugging. He went to a Methodist seminary in New York, and returned to Iowa for his first ministry. A few years later he accepted a call from South Dakota. There his first wife died—they had no children—and the widowed Rev. McGovern, then 48, married 28-year-old Frances McLean, a Scotch-Canadian girl who was soloist in the Aber-

deen choir. They promptly fell to producing children—four in five years —of whom George was the second. The elder McGovern, a popular and much loved minister, died of a stroke while hunting pheasants in 1945. He was then in his eighties. The Candidate's mother died in 1966.

George McGovern was born in Avon, S.D., July 19, 1922. The census of 1920 places its population at 597. McGovern's earliest memories are of Mitchell, where his father took up a ministry in 1928. He remembers most vividly the Sundays of his childhood, when the whole family spent the day in church—father in the pulpit, mother in the choir, the four children helping out with Sunday school. They were poor—ministers in the Depression years had few fringes and no luxuries—but McGovern recalls no grinding hardships. He went to public schools, made straight As in high school, developed a love for debating, majored in history, and determined to

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be a teacher. At eighteen he went off to Dakota Wesleyan.

That was in September of 1940. Fifteen months later, the day after Pearl Harbor, McGovern volunteered for the Army Air Force as an aviation cadet. He was called into training in February of 1943. The following October, in Muskogee, Oklahoma, he married his onetime high school debating partner, Eleanor Stegeberg. They spent the next nine months in the well-remembered pattern of war marriages, moving every six weeks to a new base and a new quonset hut. In the summer of 1944, as a bomber pilot, Lieutenant McGovern left Langley Field to join the Fifteenth Air Force in Italy. Their first child was born in March of 1945 while McGovern was still overseas.

McGovern was twenty when he went into the service, 22 when he flew his first mission. He flew 35, all told. The last was the toughest, a bombing run over the marshaling yards of Linz in the late spring of 1945. McGovern's B-24, caught in heavy antiaircraft fire, took a shell in one engine and caught fire. With the propellor windmilling uncontrollably, McGovern finished his run and headed for the Adriatic. He managed to put down safely, all hands unharmed, on an island off the Yugoslavian coast. His squadron sent a DC-3 to ferry them back to Foggia, but that marked the end of his flying days. He won the Distinguished Flying Cross, and came home to Eleanor and their infant daughter in the fall.

For a time McGovern considered a career in the ministry. He returned to Dakota Wesleyan and then spent a year at the Northwestern Divinity School. The vocation wasn't there. He turned to history, won his PhD in 1951 with a dissertation on the bloody Colorado coal mine strike of 1913, and went back to Dakota Wesleyan to teach freshman history and to coach the debating team.

Teaching had its satisfactions, and McGovern might have stayed on indefinitely. But in the summer of 1952, on a night set aside for painting the apartment, McGovern watched Adlai Stevenson deliver his acceptance speech before the Democratic Convention. Deeply moved, he gave up teaching and took a full-time job as executive director of South Dakota's Democratic Party.

Presumably no one else wanted the job. The Democrats then held only two seats in the South Dakota legislature. They had no money and no prospects. McGovern plunged into his task with such energy that in November of 1956, in his first bid for public office, he defeated Republican Congressman Harold O. Lovre with a tidy 52.4 per cent of the vote. Two years later the outraged Republicans put up their top gun against him: former Governor Joe Foss, a hero of World War II. McGovern defeated him with 53.4 per cent of the vote.

In 1960, biting off more than he could chew, McGovern took on Karl Mundt in the senatorial race. It was a rough campaign, echoing with overtones of anti-Catholic animosity toward John Kennedy. McGovern lost decisively, by more than ten thousand votes, but Kennedy, who took the defeat personally, brought McGovern back to Washington as director of his Food for Peace program. The assignment demanded foreign travel, which broadened McGovern's horizons, and put him in charge of big money: The program had a $2 billion budget.

South Dakota's Senator Francis H. Case died in June of 1962, and McGovern saw a fresh opportunity in running against his appointed successor, Joe Bottum. In a stroke of bad luck, brought on by a dirty needle used for a White House vaccination, McGovern fell ill with hepatitis and spent most of the campaign in a sick bed. Eleanor campaigned in his place, and he won by 597 votes. In 1968, he handily won a second Senate term by defeating former Governor Archie M. Gubbrud with 56.8 per cent of the vote.

Catching the Bug

In the meantime, McGovern the onetime bomber pilot had become McGovern the foe of war. By his recollection, he was the first Senator to attack the war in Vietnam, in a Senate speech on September 24, 1963. He demanded a $5 billion cut in defense spending; he criticized use of the Green Berets; he warned that "we are falling into a trap," and he prophesied that Kennedy's increasing involvement "will haunt us to every corner of the world." Inconsistently, he voted a year later, on Fulbright's urging, in favor of the Tonkin Gulf resolution. "It was a mistake," he confesses. "It was the worst vote I ever cast." He repented his vote the following day, and voiced his misgivings on the Senate floor, but the record pursues him in student question-and-answer sessions.

Except for his continuing work in various food programs, McGovern's record in the Senate has been largely an antiwar record. None of the several McGovern-Hatfield amendments, fixing deadlines for troop withdrawal, has won adoption; but they have served to keep his credentials valid. He has voted the liberal position, down the line, on civil rights, civilian spending, and welfare reform. A loyal party man, he has deserted the majority of his Democratic colleagues on only one vote out of twenty. His record of rollcall attendance in 1971 was a poor 52 per cent, second only to Oklahoma's Fred Harris in the Senate.

The McGoverns live in modest luxury

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WHAT'S AHEAD IN 1972?

Will You Be $500 Richer as our

PROPHET OF THE YEAR

Here we go again, with a chance for you to play prophet—and win $500 (first prize), or $300 (second prize), or perhaps "only" $200 (third prize), or would you turn up your nose at one of two $100 runner-up prizes?

ALL YOU NEED DO is mark each statement on the entry form "True" or "False," fill in the rest of the form, and watch the headlines to see how you make out.

ENTER NOW—all entries must be postmarked no later than March 6, 1972, to be eligible. The

QUESTIONS for 1972 PROPHET OF THE YEAR contest
Assuming that the following statements refer to the calendar year 1972 and that the date is December 31, 1972, mark each of them "True" or "False" by placing an X in the proper box:

	T	F
1. Richard Nixon and Spiro Agnew were re-elected.	☐	☐
2. Walter Cronkite is no longer anchor man of CBS Evening News.	☐	☐
3. Bobby Fischer is the world chess champion.	☐	☐
4. John Ashbrook won at least 15 per cent of the vote in the Florida Republican primary.	☐	☐
5. Wage and price controls were abolished before the Presidential election.	☐	☐
6. Angela Davis was acquitted.	☐	☐
7. United States athletes won more gold medals than Soviet athletes in the summer Olympics.	☐	☐
8. At least two but not more than three of the following were defeated for re-election: Charles Percy, Strom Thurmond, John Tower, Claiborne Pell, Mark Hatfield.	☐	☐
9. The consumer price index during 1972 rose by less than 4 per cent.	☐	☐
10. At least two of the following television shows have been dropped: *Gunsmoke, All in the Family, Mission Impossible, Laugh-In, As the World Turns.*	☐	☐
11. The Republican Party increased its representation in the Senate.	☐	☐
12. Muhammad Ali is Heavyweight Champion of the World.	☐	☐
13. Disturbances resulting in at least fifty arrests took place in conjunction with both the Democratic and the Republican conventions.	☐	☐
14. At least two of the following are dead: Mao Tse-tung, Franco, Tito, William O. Douglas, Angela Davis, Linus Pauling, Pablo Picasso, Golda Meir, George Wallace.	☐	☐
15. It is public knowledge that at least one of the following couples has ceased cohabiting: the Richard Burtons, the Aristotle Onassises, the Clifford Irvings.	☐	☐
16. Eugene McCarthy did not support the Presidential nominee of the Democratic Party.	☐	☐

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RE-ELECTED?

FREED?

form below, or a facsimile thereof, is a valid entry form. *One entry only per contestant.* Winners will be named as soon after December 31, 1972, as entries can be graded. Judges are the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW, and their decision will be final. In the event of a tie or ties, the entry with the closest-to-correct answer to the tie-breaking question will be the winner. (Employees of NATIONAL REVIEW and associated enterprises, and their families, are not eligible to enter; the contest is void where prohibited by law.)

DROPPED?

SPLIT?

	T	F
17. Either Bernardine Dohrn or Stephen Bingham (or both) reappeared and is (are) under arrest.	☐	☐
18. At least twelve states have adopted "no fault" auto insurance.	☐	☐
19. John Lindsay got more than 150 votes on the first roll call for the Presidential nomination at the Democratic Convention.	☐	☐
20. Congress raised the federal minimum wage to at least $2 an hour.	☐	☐
21. It costs 10 cents (or more) to mail a first-class letter.	☐	☐
22. Israeli troops remain on the East Bank of the Suez Canal.	☐	☐
23. Fewer than 25,000 regular U. S. troops remain in South Vietnam.	☐	☐
24. A Boeing 747 crashed with loss of life.	☐	☐
25. At least two of the following are no longer heads of government: Salvador Allende, Tito, Nixon, Mujibur Rahman, Edward Heath, Willy Brandt, Golda Meir, Pierre Trudeau.	☐	☐

CONTESTANT'S NAME *(please print)*

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

I have marked the questionnaire according to the directions, as my entry in the 1972 PROPHET OF THE YEAR contest, with the following instructions:

☐ Please enter my subscription to NATIONAL REVIEW, or extend my existing subscription for one year at the regular $12 rate.

☐ Please send NATIONAL REVIEW for one year to:

NAME *(please print)*

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

☐ Please send NATIONAL REVIEW for one year to a needy college student from your list of applicants.

☐ *I enclose $12* ☐ *Please bill me*

TIE-BREAKING QUESTION:

The closing Dow Jones industrial average at the end of 1972 was _____.

(In the case of any dispute, ambiguity or confusion, the decision of the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW *will be final.)*

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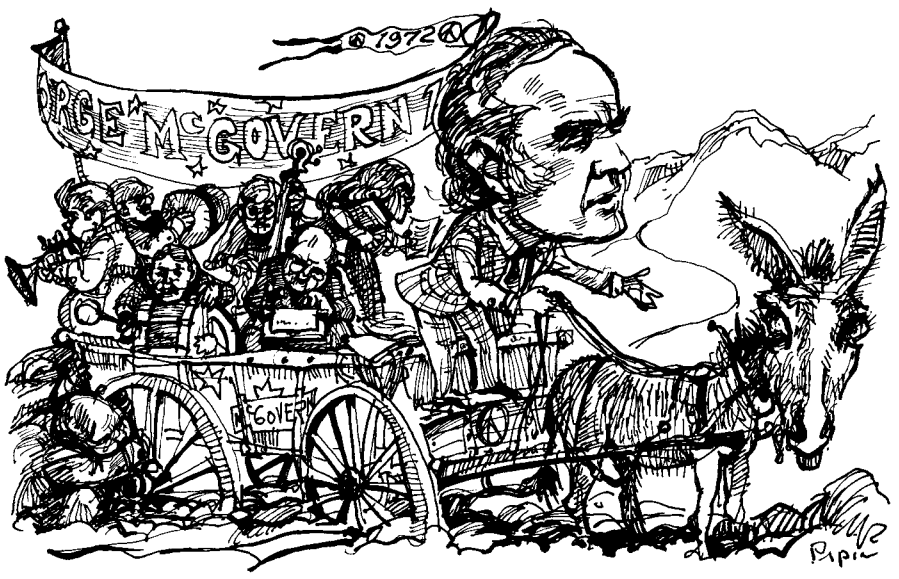

in Washington's University Terrace, in a home, purchased two years ago, that still reflects the Oriental tastes of its former owner, U.S. Circuit Judge David L. Bazelon. They have one grandson, by way of their oldest daughter Ann, and are expecting a second, courtesy of Number Two daughter Susan. A third daughter, Terry, is a student at the University of Virginia. Son Steve, a high-school graduate, is at home. Daughter Mary is in a public high school in Maryland, where the McGoverns formerly lived. Charged with hypocrisy, as a professing liberal who did not transfer Mary to the overwhelmingly black schools of the District, McGovern shrugs off the charge.

The Candidate follows sports, but only more or less. He swims in the Senate pool, plays a modest game of tennis, has just taken up skiing. He likes a cigar after dinner; he drinks vodka, but not much. A compulsive reader, he sticks generally to biography and history. Most recent book: *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*. He is not known for wit or repartee, or even for scholarly allusions in his speeches. In New Hampshire, he quoted once from Harry Golden; there his intellectualism seemed to halt.

The Presidential bug bit the Candidate late in 1967, when New York's ultra-liberal Allard Lowenstein approached him with a bid to start lining up support for a run against Lyndon Johnson. The bite did not inflame. McGovern was looking ahead to a hard race for re-election in 1968 to his Senate seat; besides, he was close to Bobby Kennedy and felt it folly to stick his neck out. After Kennedy's death in June of 1968, a number of the slain Senator's friends asked him to fill the breach. McGovern briefly demurred—he went off to Geneva to think it over during a meeting of the World Council of Churches—and then threw himself into the race just eighteen days before the Chicago Convention. In a dramatic three-way confrontation with McCarthy and Humphrey, before the California caucus, McGovern came off so handsomely that he won 146½ votes.

Thus encouraged, and further emboldened by his decisive victory over Gubbrud in November of 1968, McGovern let the bug bite again. On January 18, 1971, in Sioux Falls, he formally announced his candidacy for the Democratic nomination. Only Andrew Jackson, fired up with anger and chagrin after the abortive outcome of 1824, has announced farther in advance of election. With a 2 per cent rating in the polls, the Candidate set forth; and twelve months later, driving from Exeter to Manchester, late on the night of January 17, 1972, he was still hanging in.

The Prospects

A good showing in New Hampshire is important to McGovern, but not absolutely vital. Unlike Ed Muskie, who has little to win and a great deal to lose, McGovern has little to lose and a great deal to win. Muskie is expected to carry the Democratic primary by a fat and comfortable margin, perhaps with a small majority of all the votes cast. If McGovern finishes second, ahead of Yorty and Hartke, with a respectable 25 to 30 per cent, his prospects will be enhanced and his candidacy unharmed.

The state of New Hampshire is undergoing a traumatic time of transition. In April of 1970, the Census fixed its population at 737,681, up a remarkable 21.5 per cent from 1960. A substantial growth has occurred in the southern part of the state, near the Massachusetts line, where new residents are largely oriented toward Boston. In theory, at least, these are liberal battalions, not so responsive to the stentorian cries of the *Manchester Union Leader*. Of New Hampshire's ten counties, only Coos County, in the northern tip of the state, lost population between 1960 and 1970. Elsewhere, gains have been steady, and most of the growth has come in rural areas. The number of "Negro and other races" almost doubled in the decade—from 2,587 to 4,575—but the black vote, except for Portsmouth, is insignificant.

If New Hampshire is more rural and vastly less black than other states, it is close to the average in other respects. A little more than one-third of the people are under eighteen; of the 82,400 persons over 65, nearly four hundred are over a hundred. The median age of 28 is exactly in line with the national figure. Ethnic and religious blocs are more or less what they are elsewhere. The state's housing characteristics show nothing unusual.

In thirteen Presidential elections since 1920, New Hampshire has gone Democratic four times, Republican nine. Nixon won there in 1968 by 154,900 to Humphrey's 130,600, with George Wallace trailing with less than 4 per cent—11,173. Republicans are securely in control of the Statehouse at Concord, with 266 of the 424 House and Senate seats, but the state's Republican fidelity is not as certain as it might appear. Governor Walter R. Peterson Jr., is having trouble making ends meet in his budget, and the *Union Leader*'s apoplectic disenchantment with Nixon has shaken old alignments.

This is the battleground, neither actively friendly nor patently hostile, in which McGovern is testing his Presidential appeal. He is still bearing down, as he did at Exeter, on his principal plank—an abrupt end to the commitment in Vietnam—but as troop withdrawals continue, the plank steadily loses weight. In its place, he is sub-

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stituting a dazzling array of propositions calculated to comfort the afflicted and afflict the comfortable.

McGovern's ideas on welfare reform, unveiled at Iowa State in a speech on January 13, are perhaps the most striking. He is recommending that the present system of public welfare be scrapped entirely, in favor of an expanded version of Leonard Greene's "fair share" plan. Greene, an aerospace executive in White Plains, N.Y., has proposed an annual federal payment of $900 to each adult and $400 to each child in the country. McGovern would raise the stakes to $1,000 per head. In a nation of 205 million persons, he is thus talking of a $205 billion program, which is not bad for a country boy from South Dakota.

His Modest Proposals

The Candidate makes the plan sound not so extreme. The family of four or more, having no outside income, could retain the first $4,000 tax free. On past that point, income taxes would be imposed. Beyond a break-even point of $12,000, the government would snatch back its $1,000, plus a great deal more. In the end, some $43 billion would be "redistributed" from those earning more than $8,000 a year to those earning less; families earning more than $12,000 would pay through their bloody noses. The plan, as McGovern sees it, would wipe out the present welfare mess in a single stroke; it would end the state-to-state migration of persons shopping for the highest welfare benefits; it would not penalize the welfare recipient who wants to work; and it would tend to keep families together.

To finance his welfare reform, the Candidate would abolish the present individual exemptions under the federal income tax. He would whack the country's 411,000 rich with a minimum income tax of roughly 52 per cent on all income beyond $50,000, however derived. He proposes federal confiscation of all estates beyond, say $500,000. He would pick up $17 billion in new revenues by repeal of the accelerated depreciation and investment tax credit provisions for corporations. He would encourage states to reduce local property taxes by a federal revenue-sharing plan geared to state-imposed income taxes. He has some other modest proposals.

The McGovern budget for national security is scarcely less bold. For Fiscal '75, he proposes an outlay limited to $54.8 billion, which compares with the $85.3 billion recommended by Nixon for Fiscal '73. The Candidate would cancel the Safeguard antiballistic missile system, cancel the B-1 bomber program, cancel the F-14 and F-15 fighters, reduce active military personnel from 2.5 million to 1.7 million, bring two divisions home from Europe, withdraw all troops from Korea and Southeast Asia, cut the Navy by 134,000 men and reduce the Marines to two divisions. He would wind up with a fleet of 356 ships including six aircraft carriers and 84 submarines. He would halt shipbuilding almost altogether.

The Candidate is not without ideas in other areas. He is appealing to New Hampshire, and to the country at large, with recommendations for a federally funded, guaranteed system of comprehensive health insurance; for a tough and effective crackdown on organized crime; for the revitalization of rural America; for veterans' benefits of at least $3,000 a year; and for a new plan of educational financing by which the federal treasury would assume one-third of the total cost of primary and secondary schools. As for education: "I think busing is essential." He would do "whatever is necessary" to enforce court decrees demanding not only the busing of children but also racial balance. He would nominate a woman to the first vacancy on the Supreme Court, put women in his Cabinet, and undertake "to remove the curse of all racism in the United States."

One Step . . .

To assist in selling this platform, McGovern has enlisted an impressive supporting organization, and he is raising impressive money. His national headquarters, at 410 First Street, S.E., in Washington, is a kind of Kennedy Orphanage. Frank Mankiewicz, former press secretary to Robert Kennedy, functions as Mr. Inside; Gary Hart, a 34-year-old Denver lawyer, attached to RFK at the Justice Department, is Mr. Outside. The McGovern Advisory Committee includes such Hyannisport Irregulars as Arthur Schlesinger Jr., John Kenneth Galbraith, Richard Goodwin and Adam Walinsky.

During the first year of the McGovern campaign, the Candidate raised $1,150,000, most of it through direct mail solicitation. A "President's Club" numbers 4,500 members who have pledged $10 apiece per month. The campaign is helped by a few fat cats, notably Max Palevsky, Chairman of the executive committee of Xerox, and Henry Kimelman, real estate developer in the Virgin Islands. McGovern's top executive assistant, Gordon Weil, says all bills to date have been paid.

Will all this add up to nomination at Miami, and to victory in November? It seems, to put it charitably, the least little bit unlikely. The prairie preacher from South Dakota is selling a liberal gospel that out-liberals all the rest. Because he is a nice guy, he is preaching modestly, politely, earnestly, but he is sparking no fires and inspiring few legions. Along the long, long road to the White House, he has advanced at most a few miles. □

"Reach for the moon!"

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DISSENT

The Harrisburg Howmany

SHELDON MOODY SMITH

Now that the Harrisburg Eight (Seven?) trial is finally under way, it seems we have a choice not only of who, but of what, is on trial.

If one believes Father Neil McLaughlin (one of the defendants) what is on trial is "our government [which] betrays and oppresses—the Indochinese people, the poor of the Third World and this country, the inert and bewildered American middle class." If *that* is the correct view, then the American middle class, with others, finally has cause for rejoicing. If one's mind blanks out at Father McLaughlin et al. as the ultimate defenders of the Archie Bunkers of the world . . . well, these are strange times and strange things happen in them.

The Justice Department, in this instance quarterbacked by attorney William S. Lynch, has a different version. In their contention, the Eight are on trial for conspiring to destroy government documents, government real property, and "unlawfully seizing, confining, inveigling, kidnaping, abducting, and carrying away and transporting in interstate commerce a person for ransom, reward and otherwise." Presumably it is Mr. Kissinger who was to be so rudely thrust into interstate commerce.

And such will be the tone of the trial: two different groups seeing two different things. For the government, it is a legal matter. Charges are based on the alleged violation of federal statutes. The motives, real or imagined, of the defendants are not at issue. For the Harrisburg Eight, and their supporters, the motives of the defendants are really all that matters. To the Harrisburg Defense Committee, and allies, the whole trial is an attempt to divert attention from Vietnam, and the whole prosecution is political.

There are some weeks of tedium ahead, but events start off with a certain flair. There is a rally of some five hundred on Sunday night, before the trial begins. It is held outside the Dauphin County jail so that Father Philip Berrigan can hear the singing. A statement from Father Phil is read. (Father Phil was reportedly watching television.)

The first day of the trial starts warm and beautiful. The East Coast is having a weird winter: The Christmas sleds are rusting from disuse and the heating oil companies are in a state of panic. But it is ideal for those who choose to congregate outside. There is a press conference, held by the defense, before the first session. Sister Elizabeth McAlister is there: One notes that in the last eight months her shy smile has been transformed into a very big grin. Richard Falk from Princeton is there. Tony Russo, fresh from camaraderie with Daniel Ellsberg, reads the initial statement, the gist of which is that the charges are fraudulent. (There is no press conference held by the Justice Department, which is acting like Br'er Rabbit in the briar patch.)

Howard Zinn is there to answer questions. He proceeds to label the trial as an attempt to divert the attention of the nation from Southeast Asia by bringing reporters to Harrisburg, although presumably there are enough reporters to go around. He is asked: What if it turns out that these people *did* have explosives? Well, he replies, they weren't planning to do violence to people, and anyway, what about the thousands of tons of explosives we are dropping in Vietnam? One wonders how that will sound to Archie Bunker on the six o'clock news. But it goes over big with the "kids."

The "kids." This seems to be an all-inclusive term that applies to anyone under forty who is protesting something. In this case, there are some real kids: A few aren't more than ten years old. But now it is time for "guerrilla theater." A coffin is produced and "various instruments of war, made of paper, including draft cards, draft records and Internal Revenue files" are placed in it. (It is always hard to say *what* goes into these things. A few draft *classification* notices are there, along with what appear to be draft records: Purloined draft records are reputed to be circulating in the underground these days. Along with? Who knows?) The coffin is carried in procession to the Federal Building by several Vietnam Veterans against the War (VVAW) fresh from their triumphant seizure of the Statue of Liberty. They are accompanied by a crowd of about two hundred. (Considering the weather the crowds are rather small.) The big rally is planned for Easter Week when a) the kids will be on spring vacation and b) the defense may be presenting its case. There are no counterdemonstrators.

And, truth to say, there is not much excitement. At lunchtime Peter Yarrow (of the former "Peter, Paul and Mary") sings protest songs to those present, including a hundred or so residents of the business community. Across the street the Hotel Harrisburger is being converted into an office building. Suddenly stones start pouring down a chute into an empty truck: It sounds like all the weddings in history going down the street at the same time. The thought occurs: Maybe Archie Bunker has counterattacked. But it stops, and Peter goes on singing.

Not that Harrisburg is a place where exciting things occur. One reporter, newly arrived in town, asked his cabdriver what to do for excitement after dark. To which the cabbie replied: "I'd get a second job." It is that kind of town. Which is, perhaps, why the government picked it.

Because from here it looks like a quiet trial. Things could pick up later when the defense starts, and when the schools let out. But frankly, the demonstrations (and the demonstrators) don't seem to have an awful lot of steam to them. The only nearby college is a community college, which means a commuter college, and VVAW seems to be doing little recruiting there.

One notices certain other things. William Kunstler has disappeared from the roster of defense attorneys. This would seem to indicate the defense's desire for quiet, perhaps even somnolence, during the actual court proceedings. Ted Glick, the potential firebrand of the lot, is to be tried separately: He has insisted on

(Continues on page 174)

The Reverend Mr. Smith is the rector of the Washington Memorial Chapel at the National Shrine in Valley Forge, Pennsylvina.

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NOTES FROM SOUTHEAST ASIA

Among the Dominoes

TAKI THEODORACOPULOS

SAIGON: Two years ago, Vietcong rocket attacks were a daily occurrence here. Since July 1970, there have been exactly two such bombardments. Today the visitor to Saigon hasn't the feeling of being in an island city surrounded by a sea of armed guerrillas. Of the four military regions of South Vietnam, the two in the north have a minimum of action, while the Saigon and Mekong Delta areas, pacified now, are starting to rebuild after thirty years of war.

Another striking contrast: In 1967 about a thousand miles of highway in South Vietnam were considered secure —i.e., traffic could move along them during daylight without military escort. By March 1971 secure mileage had increased to three thousand. Thus 72 per cent of the highways are now secure, while 24 per cent are "open" (handling traffic with military escort) and 4 per cent are "closed" (usually traversed only in the course of military operations). From the southern tip of Vietnam at Ca Mau to the DMZ in the north, only about a hundred of the thousand miles of Routes 1 and 4 are not now considered secure enough for daytime travel. Jungle-locked Ca Mau itself was a guerrilla haven for decades; now it has been cleared, and the army has established a support base.

"Economy of force" has been the Reds' only tactic during the past year. The Vietcong's strength appears to have been depleted; there is good reason to believe that North Vietnamese regulars have largely replaced the indigenous guerrillas. There is also evidence that most Communist soldiers are preoccupied with growing food for their own subsistence: Intercepted orders from up north have advised them that supplies for the coming dry season (when some sort of offensive will have to be mounted) will be slow in arriving, if they arrive at all.

Looking toward the conclusion (perhaps better, the fading-away) of the war, the South Vietnamese government has launched an economic program emphasizing self-reliance. Agriculture will be the primary concern of the reconstruction program. Landed estates in the Delta region have been distributed to the peasants (a giant step in alienating the populace from the Vietcong). Agricultural banks set up in the various provinces have been most successful.

A new tariff program designed to encourage importation of necessities instead of luxuries has replaced the old customs tax. For example, there is no tariff on agricultural machinery, 25 per cent on food stuffs, 50 per cent on certain luxuries, and 200 per cent on automobiles. Industry is being encouraged through the development of export-oriented businesses that take advantage of South Vietnam's natural resources—fish, timber, sugar and rubber.

Despite these hopeful signs, and despite the fact that they are entering the second dry season without a serious Communist offensive, the South Vietnamese I spoke to are nervous about the future—more and more so, as American troops continue to depart. This anxiety can be traced to the fact that the Vietnamese have been dependent on foreign powers throughout most of their history; future success in handling their own political, social, economic and military problems will perhaps help to erase it.

An often-cited example of this pessimism is the high rate of desertion by South Vietnamese troops. It should be remembered that the focus of the average Vietnamese's life is the family, a closely knit unit extending even to the most distant relations. Thus the Vietnamese has tended to regard his home, or at the very most his province, as worth defending; sent to fight in strange surroundings, he has worried about his family and his rice field; and so eventually he has packed up and gone home.

Now the desertion rate is declining sharply, as a sense of unity, a consciousness of South Vietnam as a whole, has been instilled in the army. The departure of the Americans should work to consolidate this unity.

South Vietnam now seems to stand a chance of surviving. Of course, there are innumerable ifs: *if* the United States continues to furnish economic aid and military know-how; *if* the Laotians and Cambodians, aided by the South Vietnamese, continue to keep the southward flow of North Vietnamese men and material curtailed. . . .

PNOMPENH: A thick blue pall of exhaust from a million motorcycles hangs over Saigon; with it rises a cacophony of noise. One leaves all that behind as the plane climbs away from the flat, verdant land, headed for Pnompenh, thirty minutes away.

There is supposed to be a war on, but the Cambodian capital gives no such impression. No noise, little traffic, not many soldiers about. Beautiful broad avenues, old houses surrounded by gardens, smiling faces and an air of tranquil confidence. Yet the runways of the airport are pocked by shell craters; there are roadblocks on the way into the city, and there is a curfew.

The war is fifteen, sometimes ten miles away—but judging by the people's reaction, it might be a thousand. Everyone goes about his business, girls giggle and flirt, journalists sun themselves beside the pool of the Hotel Royal. Despite the closeness of the fighting and the reports that the Communist forces are about to take the city, there is neither panic nor undue worry.

Of course Pnompenh cannot at present be taken by the North Vietnamese, and most Cambodians realize this. The battles on the outskirts of the city are a diversion, designed to draw off Cambodian troops fighting in the northeast. It is the northeast, not Pnompenh, that is vital to the Communists. Without sanctuaries there, they cannot survive as a fighting force in South Vietnam.

The strategy has worked: The Cambodians have been forced to evacuate the northeastern towns of Baray and Kampong Thmer, and have abandoned attempts to clear Highway 6. The Communists remain entrenched in the northeast.

As for the rest of the country, they

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haven't a hope. Reports of the amount of Cambodian real estate controlled by the Reds are highly misleading. In fact, the North Vietnamese have been unable to establish an indigenous Cambodian movement they can rely on—an equivalent of the Vietcong in South Vietnam. The peasants have not rallied, have not provided shelter, and are not sympathetic to their cause. This can be attributed to the deep ethnic differences separating the Khmers of Cambodia and the Vietnamese (differences that have also caused friction between the Cambodians and their South Vietnamese allies), and the distrust that the devout Buddhists of Cambodia feel for atheist Communist ideology. Buddhist monks have been instrumental in helping the government to rally the people against the Reds. Meanwhile the Khmer Rouge, Cambodians who have gone over to the Communists, can't be used for fighting, but only to guard base camps and perform other auxiliary functions.

Many people I spoke with in Pnompenh—doctors, lawyers, even professors and students—expressed surprise at the West's reaction to their plight. They do not understand why the North Vietnamese aren't condemned for their open aggression. They deny the charge that their government is simply a puppet of the United States, and point out that the allegedly neutralist government of Prince Norodom Sihanouk was in fact anything but, as it allowed the North Vietnamese and Vietcong to operate from Cambodian sanctuaries against South Vietnam.

The Cambodian army, although inexperienced, bloated and insufficiently armed, is improving. The chief problem is timidity in the officer corps; the ordinary soldier is courageous enough.

BANGKOK: Thailand is, in more ways than one, a fortunate country. It has always been a land of plenty. A stone inscription describing the first Thai kingdom reads: "In the water, there are fish; in the fields, there is rice. The king takes no advantage of the people. Whoever wants to trade, trades. The faces of the people shine bright with happiness." The description is accurate even today.

Thailand is especially fortunate in that it was the only land in Southeast Asia to withstand the flood of European imperialism in the nineteenth century—greatly assisted by the French and British, due to the diplomatic skill for which the Thai foreign office has always been known. The absence of imperialism shows clearly in the people: They are gay, charming and straightforward, with an innocence that has been lost by the long-suffering Vietnamese, the crafty Indonesians and the overbearing Chinese.

The Thais are perhaps the most devoutly Buddhist people in the world. They also retain a deep respect for their monarch, a respect that survives from olden times when the king was worshiped as a god.

These, then, are the people who, according to the experts, are next in line to be visited by the North Vietnamese "liberators" through local terrorist uprisings. And this is the land that, according to the *New York Times*, "set back the effectiveness of the Nixon Doctrine by suspending parliamentary government." Why should a country as peaceful and prosperous as Thailand have to suspend its parliament after it had sat only two years?

The takeover of the country in November by the National Executive Council headed by Field Marshal Thanom Kittikachorn was Thailand's second "revolution." The first came in October 1958; it was remarkably similar to last year's as regards both personnel and methods. The revolutionaries of 1958 had as their goal the transformation of parliamentary and other institutions, and the introduction of new methods of administering and developing the country.

Previously when a new government was voted into office, roads and dams begun by the previous administration were abandoned, and new projects started in areas friendly to the new authorities. The cabinet and executive, originally made separate from the legislature in order to insure political stability and democratic procedures, came to rely so much on the political parties that they had to make deals that compromised policies and projects undertaken for the good of the country. Under these difficult conditions, the northeastern provinces were neglected, making them ripe for infiltration and subversion by the Communists.

In 1964, when Peking announced that Thailand was to be the next target for revolution in Southeast Asia, the Chinese knew very well that the northeast was the best place to begin. Since that ominous announcement, the region has been the focal point of insurgency and terrorism. Communist agents cross the Mekong from Laos, or come down from China; they visit remote villages, spouting Maoism and encouraging criminal elements among the villagers. Unfortunately, they have been at least partially successful.

The situation in the northeast, together with growing evidence of corruption in the democratic system (e.g., members of parliament demanding payoffs in the form of political concessions; trafficking in firearms permits; meddling with immigration quotas), forced the National Executive Council to step in.

Another impetus, less tangible than corruption or subversion, was President Nixon's overtures to Red China. Thailand's military leaders had refused any dialogue with the Chinese in 1969, when Nixon first announced his policy of U.S. military withdrawal from Southeast Asia. The generals did not feel that American disengagement necessitated rapprochement with the very people who were promoting insurgency in Thailand.

When, without consulting his allies, Nixon approached the Chinese, the fears of the Thais were to say the least multiplied. Half of Bangkok's residents are Chinese: Thai citizens, but speaking Chinese dialects, observing Chinese customs, and susceptible to Maoist wooings. Dwindling rice markets and proposed cuts in U.S. spending only added to the anxiety.

Western liberals naturally lament the disappearance of Western-style parliamentary rule in Thailand. Developments there are, however, quite in line with trends elsewhere in Asia. Ceylon, Singapore, Malaysia and Indonesia have all silenced, or at least muffled, the press, out of fear of Chinese subversion and propaganda. Indonesia's President Suharto has made it clear that the job of the press (and of the political opposition) is to help, not oppose, the achievement of national goals.

Strange trends, these, to Western eyes. But they represent a coming to grips with the realities of Asia, and a turning away from the Western democratic forms bequeathed by the departing colonial powers. The "wave of the future" in Asia is the coming of systems of government that recognize the need for leadership, and the need for survival. The alternative is domination by Communist China. □

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THE OPEN QUESTION

Capitalism and Latin America

ABRAHAM KALISH and SELDEN RODMAN

(Mr. Abraham Kalish is the Executive Secretary of Accuracy in Media. He complains about certain inaccuracies in Selden Rodman's article of December 3, 1971. Mr. Rodman replies.)

I. Mr. Kalish

I would like to call your attention to a number of serious errors in the article "What Drives Latin Americans Left?" by Selden Rodman. I shall quote Mr. Rodman on the points I believe to be in error and comment on them.

1. "Capitalism doesn't work in Latin America because the Latin character is repelled by the two concepts on which capitalism rests: industry and saving."

Comment: Mr. Rodman presents this as the view of his wife, but he evidently intends that the reader should take it as a serious statement of fact. The fact is that capitalism has worked very well in a number of Latin countries in raising productivity and living standards to levels that would be considered princely not only in such backward countries as Communist China and India, but even in the Soviet Union. Compare if you will the number of automobiles in Mexico City, Rio de Janeiro or Buenos Aires with the number in Moscow, and you will get a fair idea of the relative success of capitalism in these countries. The economic system has not functioned as well as it should in a number of Latin American countries for a variety of reasons. One of the main ones has been a persistent tendency on the part of governments to follow inflationary policies. There is no doubt that the kind of inflation that has been experienced in the postwar period in Chile, Argentina, Uruguay and Brazil has tended to discourage saving. This is not a peculiarity of the Latin character. The Latin American, when provided with reasonable incentives to work, save and invest has shown himself quite capable of doing all three.

2. "This [the lack of interest in saving and industry] leaves only two sources of financing: the American 'imperialists' and the government."

Comment: Mrs. Rodman is, of course, entitled to refer to foreign investors as "imperialists," but it should be remembered that this term is employed in this way as part of the psychological warfare of the Communists in their effort to give international capital movements a bad name. The substance of the Rodman statement is factually inaccurate. According to the Tenth Annual Report of the Social Progress Trust Fund, which was recently released by the International Development Bank, domestic savings in Latin America amounted to 18.6 per cent of the GNP of the area in 1969. The ratio ranged from a low of 4.1 per cent in Haiti to a high of 21.7 per cent in Brazil. In the 1966-68 period, the savings coefficient in Latin America was 17.6 per cent, which compares with an average for all developing countries of only 15.9 per cent. The report points out that in the 1966-69 period, domestic savings financed 91 per cent of total investment in Latin America. It states that the private sector financed about two-thirds of the total investment. Thus, contrary to what Rodman says, the inflow of capital from abroad, both private and official, financed only 9 per cent of Latin American investment in this period, and the great bulk of investment was financed by Latin American private savings.

3. "Now that American investment is being expropriated or phased out in most countries, the government is the only supplier of capital."

Comment: It is false to say that American investment is being expropriated or phased out in most countries. There have been expropriations in four countries—Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador and Chile. The welcome mat for foreign capital is very much out in the other countries, and even in some of these. Net private capital inflows to Latin America reached $1.4 billion in 1969 compared with an average of only $619 million in 1961-65.

4. "Under state socialism (Cuba, Peru, Bolivia, Chile) the primitive economies are managed to indulge the masses, who got nothing out of oligarchic free enterprise."

Comment: Cuba is the only one of these countries that has so far gone all the way to state socialism. It is widely agreed that real output in Cuba has declined over the last decade and that this has been reflected in a serious decline in the living standards of the masses. As early as 1961, the Castro government reduced the daily earnings of sugar-cane cutters by about 50 per cent. Soaring prices have greatly reduced the real earnings of all Cuban workers. The economic failures have been publicly admitted by Castro himself. To say that the masses got nothing out of the pre-Castro economic system is to betray gross ignorance of the pre-Castro Cuban economy. I shall not take the space to go into the details here. The details are available in Serafino Romualdi's *Presidents and Peons* and also in *The Losers* by Paul Bethel.

5. "The benefits of a democratic society—freedom to move, to speak freely and to operate under security of the law—are primarily reaped by a vigorous, adventurous middle class. But in Latin America such a middle class doesn't exist."

Comment: This is a reiteration of the standard argument that freedom and civil rights mean nothing to the poor. This view is in conflict with both expert testimony and a great deal of empirical evidence. Interviews with Cuban refugees have provided a great deal of evidence that the Cuban poor bitterly resent the loss of their freedoms under the Castro dictatorship. In 1970, nearly 90 per cent of the Cuban refugees who came to this country were from economic groups below the professional, semi-professional and managerial ranks. This same observation has been made with respect to refugees fleeing other Communist dictatorships, such as East Germany and China.

6. "No more than 10 per cent of the people in these countries have good homes, steady jobs, productive farms or savings. What has the other 90 per cent got to lose by choosing state socialism?"

Comment: I presume that the 90 per

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cent is to be interpreted as poetry, not fact. It would be closer to the truth to say that 90 per cent of the people in the labor force do have jobs. The unemployment rate in Chile in 1970 was 7.1 per cent. In Trinidad, which is known for its serious unemployment problem, the per cent unemployed was 13.5 per cent. Housing is a serious problem, especially in those countries where large numbers of rural folk are being attracted to the cities. However, to jump from this to the conclusion that these people have nothing to lose but their chains is by no means justified.

7. "Uruguay . . . Having no natural resources, and with only 2 per cent of the land cultivated, there was nothing to pay the mounting bill for social security, free medical care, vacations with pay . . ."

Comment: "About 83 per cent of the total national territory is used as grass pasture, on which the carrying capacity is very high—averaging about one animal unit per acre. Only 2 per cent of the national territory is classified as wasteland." (Preston E. James, *Latin America*, pp. 372-3.)

8. "Paraguay, the second smallest country in South America . . ."

Comment: Paraguay is larger than Uruguay, Ecuador and Guyana.

9. "But when President Eduardo Frei, after six years in office, moved too slowly against the big landowners and foreign mining interests to prevent his own followers from being radicalized by the Left . . ."

Comment: According to an article published in NATIONAL REVIEW on October 6, 1970, Frei's error was that he went too far to please the Left. It stated:

> So anxious was Frei to avoid the stigma of anti-radicalism (or worse still, pro-Americanism) that he bent over backward to please the vociferous Left. His agreement with Anaconda, ceding to Chile 51 per cent of the voting stock in that American corporate giant . . . was sound. So was his modest Agrarian Reform which expropriated (with compensation) some of the larger landholdings and made twenty thousand of Chile's 300,000 landless peasant families small proprietors. . . . At the same time Frei's gestures toward the Soviet Union, Castro's Cuba and the Communist Party of Chile gave his followers the impression that these were to be considered benign forces. More serious, however, was the appointment of Jacques Chonçol, a fiery young Marxist, to head the Agrarian Reform. By the time Frei realized his mistake and fired him, Chonçol had acquired enough of a following to take 15 per cent of the Christian Democrats with him into his MAPU—and align it behind Allende.

This generally jibes with the analysis of Paul Bethel, who warned long before 1970 that Frei's efforts to appropriate the positions of the far Left would strengthen the Communists and endanger the future of democracy in Chile. (See Paul Bethel, *The Losers*, pp. 516-30.)

Oh yes, the author of the October 6, 1970 NATIONAL REVIEW article on the mistakes of Frei ["October Revolution in Chile?"] was Selden Rodman. □

II. Mr. Rodman

1. To argue that capitalism "works" in Latin America because the standard of living is higher than that in China and India is like saying that Harlem is doing just fine because the blacks there are better off than the Ethiopians. The point isn't that 10 per cent of the people in Mexico and Brazil have automobiles, but that more than 50 per cent of the people (in these most prosperous of Latin countries) are still living in a pre-capitalist, medieval economy.

2. I used the word "imperialist" in quotes. Again: the point is that most people in these countries *think* of American capital investment as ruthlessly exploitative—a pattern of thought which American business in the past has done little to counter. What the Communists say about our motives may be discounted as self-serving propaganda. But when the freely elected presidents of countries like Venezuela, Colombia and Chile—and even the army rulers of countries like Peru, Argentina and Bolivia—begin to demand native—or at least mixed-foreign capital investment, we'd better start to pay attention.

Mr. Kalish's figures on domestic savings "from a low of 4.1 per cent in Haiti to a high of 21.7 per cent in Brazil" are ludicrous. What would the average figure be without Brazil, the only country in South America (save tiny Uruguay) where capitalism is even being tried?

3. So the "welcome mat" is out for American capital in Latin America? In Brazil, granted. In Colombia, Venezuela, Ecuador and Paraguay, with lots of reservations. Elsewhere, I challenge Mr. Kalish to find that mat, or, if he does, to sit on it without getting his bottom burned unless he takes it into an American embassy.

4. Who would deny that the GNP is lower in Cuba under Castro than it was under Batista? Very likely it is lower in Peru, Bolivia and Chile, too, since their oligarchies were overthrown. The fact remains that the oligarchies *were* overthrown because their governments benefited almost exclusively the business classes; and that in no one of these countries is there the slightest observable tendency to return to oligarchic rule. What good is a higher GNP if only 10 per cent of the people see it?

5. The point is not that freedom means *nothing* to a starving man, but that bread means more. (Haya de la Torre promised freedom for everyone including the oligarchy, and never was given power; Velasco overthrew the oligarchy, is still in power, and has most Peruvians behind him.)

6. These figures on unemployment rates mean nothing in countries where only the city workers register. The rural population in the Andean nations is almost totally outside of the economy. That is why the two parties of the oligarchy in Colombia almost lost last year, though joined in coalition—and will surely lose in '74 unless they do something to bring the 50 per cent of the people outside the capitalist economy into it.

7. The figure was given to me by our ambassador in Uruguay and corroborated by our ambassador in Paraguay. Who benefits from those grass pastures? Answer: the cows; and the big exporters of beef in Montevideo. The insane fact is that Uruguay, with all that fertile land, can't feed itself, and has to import vegetables.

8. Guyana is not regarded as part of Latin America—either by the Guyanians or the Latin countries. Ecuador is slightly smaller than Paraguay, or slightly larger, depending on who's claiming the boundaries. Have another nit? □

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RUSSELL KIRK

From the Academy

A House on Reynolds Square

WHAT WITH the dismal sprawl and social disintegration of Megalopolis, there is talk in this land of grand schemes for New Towns, in which thousands—eventually, hundreds of thousands—of people could be settled, to begin civic life with a perfectly fresh start. Private undertakings of this sort already have commenced—most notably, Reston, outside Washington. There will be increasing pressure for governments to take a hand.

Despite the attractiveness of such proposals, performance so far has been disappointing. Already Reston and similar communities have their troubles, too complex for discussion here. Earlier "model" cities, of which Hershey, Pennsylvania is the best known example, often are in difficulty because of technological and social change—the growth of shopping centers on the outskirts, the parking problem, the triumph of the automobile and the drift of the affluent to suburbs, and all that.

In Britain, public authorities, over the past quarter of a century, have built many New Towns, English and Scottish, with high hopes and unsatisfactory results. Poverty of imagination has made these places ugly in design, wasteful of land, economically insecure—and usually boring. If we are to embark upon this business, we ought to exercise our imagination, and look for sound models of urban planning, before we begin to pour the concrete. It is all too possible to build the slums of the future, even though those slums are very costly; it is all too possible to create a New Town proletariat, even though those proletarians may be well paid.

Like Thoreau, your servant acquires many houses—in his mind's eye. Unlike Thoreau, I actually have bought and restored some interesting old houses in Michigan and Scotland, and have assisted in other restorations. Did I really indulge this vice of mine, I should be ruined. Yet if enough of us labor in this vineyard, we may yet secure a future for the past—we may succeed in joining present with past, by reinvigorating social and cultural and architectural continuity.

The other day, for the first time in some 26 years, I walked the streets of old Savannah. More than any other city in this country, Savannah enjoys the amenity of beautiful squares—more charming even than the little parks that L'Enfant gave to Washington. The plan of Savannah, General James Oglethorpe's creation, had its model in eighteenth-century London, doubtless; yet the squares of Savannah are more successful than what remains of their prototypes. They excel, indeed, the square of the New Town (that is, the neo-classical town) of Edinburgh; for most of Edinburgh's squares are enclosed and reserved for the use of tenants of houses on the square, while Savannah's squares, with their trees and shrubbery and statues and fountains, are open to all comers, and the life of the city flows through them.

On Reynolds Square stands a house that I immediately acquired in my mind's eye, though I am too canny to think that I can afford a grand Southern residence. This was the Oliver Sturges House, built in 1818, three stories high, delightful in its square formality, from its front door with fanlight and sidelights to its curious bay at the rear. Sturges House has stood derelict for some time, but the Historic Savannah Foundation has acquired it, and offers it for sale to anyone who might restore it. What an opportunity!

Were I a Methodist, I'd have mortgaged myself to the hilt to make Sturges House my own. For the parsonage where John Wesley lived during his preaching sojourn in Savannah once stood next door; and in the middle of Reynolds Square is Wesley's bronze statue, erected in recent years. And only two blocks distant is Factors' Row—a long line of offices and warehouses from the great days of the cotton trade, thoughtfully preserved and put to new uses.

Savannah, indeed, has a great many fine old houses, some restored, others awaiting restoration, yet others doomed. Per head of population, there has been more preservation and restoration in Savannah than in any other American city. Oglethorpe's plan makes this practicable: for the delightful squares, the compactness of the place, and a long tradition of solid architecture still attract people who enjoy living in a city. This fortress-town—populated in part, at the beginning, by debtors whom Oglethorpe had redeemed—remains a redoubt of civilized life.

PRESERVATION alone cannot save a city's vitality, any more than a woodlot can be kept productive merely by cutting no senescent trees. Continuity requires renewal—but renewal in a tradition, harmonizing with a city's past. There has occurred some of this in the curious little Savannah quarter Trustees' Garden, where restored buildings stand in friendly relationship with tasteful new (or converted) houses and offices.

If we are to build successful New Towns, I suggest, we will require the sort of intelligence that was possessed by General Oglethorpe, that militant agent of charity. From its beginnings, Savannah was a genuine community, and moral imagination seems to have entered into its very architecture.

Professor Rowland Berthoff points out in his important recent book *An Unsettled People* (Harper & Row) that the decay of true community in these United States was bound up with the withdrawal of the affluent from the city centers, and with nineteenth-century failure to provide for city parks and other amenities—the lack of squares like Savannah's, one may suggest. "The new extremes of wealth and poverty, reinforced by ethnic distinctions, induced the rich and respectable to remove as far as possible from the old commercial and industrial center, which they abandoned to working-classs slums."

The only real knowledge we possess is knowledge of the past. If there are to be any New Towns satisfactory for living in, they must take into account the humane scale and the patterns of neighborliness. □

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C. H. SIMONDS

For Now

The Day the Music Died (Again)

IT'S ALL OVER your local Schlock Forty AM station, is Don McLean's song "American Pie," a capsule history of rock from the mid-1950s to now. Listen to it—on FM or on the record, where you get all eight minutes or so instead of the truncated three-minute version the AMers play. Tucked away in a bubble-gummy tune are Meaningful Lyrics—meaningful, at least, to anybody who was in high school in the Eisenhower years; today's teenies may think it's neat, but they got in on rock way late. Most of them weren't even *born* when Buddy Holly died.

Which is where McLean begins, delivering papers with the bad news. From there we go through sock-hops in the gym and rhythm-and-blues; then Dylan; then the Beatles; then Woodstock/Altamont; finally, now. After each of these epochlets, we come back to—"the day the music died." Leaving the audience waiting for the next round:

Bye-bye, Miss American Pie—
Drove my Chevy to the levee, but the levee was dry;
Them good old boys was drinkin' whiskey and rye,
Singin', "This'll be the day that I die."

Which is the point: Rock and roll, now rock, keeps dying, every couple of years, to come back hybridized with something else—remember all those *Time* stories: folk-rock, art-rock, Jesus-rock . . .

It died again, for me, the other night (and was reborn somewhat) at Loew's State in Providence—a long, strange trip from the vanished Fillmore East. In a glittering picture palace where S. J. Perelman might once have swooned over Bella Darvi, I was subjected to two hours of the Mahavishnu Orchestra, all five of them/it. If *Time* wants in on the ground floor of the next big thing, they'll put the MVO on the cover with a blurb about "Lullaby Rock." Loud though the music was, and was it ever, my wife fell asleep on my shoulder at one point. Because it was so *dull.*

The musicians were competent enough. The electric violinist was even pretty good, and the Maximum Leader, John McLaughlin, is a perfectly adequate guitarist. But the guitar: two necks; six strings on one, twelve on the other, and just in case that's not gimmick enough, McLaughlin wears his hair like a member of the Danville, Illinois Jaycees. Gimmicks are all right if there's some substance behind them; in this case, there wasn't. A few mildly interesting things—some snappy dialogue between the guitar and the organ; some nice textures when the guitar and violin played in unison; that was about it. Everything else was done by rote. There was no inspiration, no life to the music; the MVO was simply going through the motions, musical as well as physical, just as second-raters have always done.

And the crowd lapped it up. The noisy clods behind us, snowed by those eighteen strings, sagely pronounced McLaughlin absolutely the greatest guitarist in the world. When the performance was over the audience rose and roared for MORE, and that, too, was a thing done by rote: When one goes to a concert, one really grooves on what's being done up there on stage (never mind what it is), then one demands MORE, then one strolls out secure in the knowledge that one is Cool. (One of the reasons Bill Graham closed the Fillmores was uncritical audiences.) The MVO was just noisy enough, just flashy enough, just gimmicky enough to wow 'em in Providence.

After the MVO came the musicians we had driven all this way to see and hear: Jerry Garcia of the Grateful Dead, organist Howard Wales and three backers-up. Garcia did more with six strings than McLaughlin ever could with eighteen. These five were together, all for one and one for all if I may be excused. There was no flashy stuff, just good music well played—some straight rock, the kind you hear less and less of these days; a few numbers showing strong country-and-western influence; a bit of blues. All in all, a satisfying hour and a half.

The word "workmanlike" leaps to mind; that's a no-no, of course, because rock is supposed to be all electricity and charisma, performers and audience feeding on each other in various kinky ways. But perhaps all that was a dead end, resulting in the numbness I sensed, on stage and in the house, while the MVO were going at it. Perhaps what's needed is communion of a deeper, more durable kind. Garcia and the Dead have been giving something like that, to the few who are able to be more than mere formalistic fans, for years now. I can picture them, and Wales, and a few others, doing so five or ten years from now, when the MVO and all the other flashies are no more than dimly remembered earaches.

I SUSPECT that, while fashions come and go and the music gets dumber as the audience gets number, rock may be kept alive by a saving remnant, a comparatively small group (alas, a coterie) of musicians and listeners able, on both sides, to play it straight. There is, after all, energy in rock—creative energy, above and beyond high noise levels, mass hysteria and all that. Rock and country-western are the only living music going these days. Compare them with what passes for "serious" music: electronic death-bloops "composed" by the pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey method (speaking of which animal, how about those poor boobs who pay good money for the stuff).

Unlike the Jesus Christ of *Superstar*, rock keeps coming back. Buddy Holly died, Dylan removed himself (to return lately, with a maudlin ditty about the death of George Jackson that amounts to vulgar self-parody), the Beatles broke up (two years too late), the Rolling Stones seem to have burnt themselves out. What's next? McLean, in "American Pie," has no answer. (I've noticed a new interest in the old songs: Kids who turned up their noses a couple of years ago at "Get a Job" now love it—albeit as hoked-up by Sha Na Na.) Perhaps there'll be a continuing decline: rock's baroque period, with an acceleration of artificiality—in which case, let's hear it for that remnant, and wait. Neoclassicism is just around the corner. □

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BOOKS

Prelude to Greatness

Winston S. Churchill, Vol. III, The Challenge of War, 1914-1916
By Martin Gilbert
Houghton, 988 pp., $15

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

This third volume of Churchill's biography, which is gradually being erected like some huge monument, is very properly dedicated "to the Memory of Randolph Churchill." When Randolph died in 1968, he had completed the first two volumes of what he called "the Great Work." After much discussion, the torch was handed on to Martin Gilbert, a young Oxford historian who had been one of Randolph's research assistants. And we can see now that Mr. Gilbert is an outstandingly worthy successor.

The style, inevitably, is different. Randolph's individuality, though subdued in the Great Work, still colored it. Instead, we now have the heavy guns of a professional historian, dedicating himself to what will almost certainly be the major achievement of his lifetime.

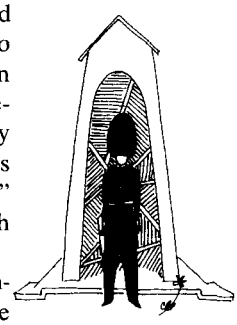
The result, already, is extremely impressive. This volume, massive in size and most handsomely presented, lavishly supplied with photographs, facsimile documents and indices, covers only two-and-a-half years in Winston Churchill's life from July 1914 to December 1916; but it is, nevertheless, consistently readable and interesting.

It has been intensively and scrupulously researched. Mr. Gilbert worked on this period of Churchill's life for nearly nine years; he consulted 73 collections of papers, traveled to all the principal places described, interviewed or corresponded with scores of people, and discussed each section of the book with Lady Spencer-Churchill. Many of the contemporary documents were, until recently, secret: and being able to consult them, as Mr. Gilbert points out, was important, since he found that the version of documents, whether public or private, including diaries and letters, which the people involved subsequently chose to publish, often differs substantially and significantly from the originals.

During the period covered in this volume, Churchill exercised greater responsibilities than at any time until he became Prime Minister in 1940. As First Lord of the Admiralty, he prepared the Royal Navy for war. He was in charge, too, of the air defense of Britain. He planned the assault on the Dardanelles and the Gallipoli peninsula. At this point things began to go sour. His enthusiasm for what proved to be bloodsoaked failures led his contemporaries to regard him as dangerously lacking in judgment. He was excluded from power, served for a while as a lieutenant colonel commanding an infantry battalion on the Western Front, and in 1916 returned to the House of Commons where he found himself politically isolated, with his future apparently all behind him.

The story has the symmetry of a Greek drama. It opens with him at a peak of success ("I am interested, geared up and happy," he wrote to his wife on July the 28th, 1914. "Is it not horrible to be built like that? The preparations have a hideous fascination for me. I pray to God to forgive me for such fearful moods of levity."): and it ends with his career in ruins—irretrievably many people would have said.

He was an enthusiastic warmaker but never a warmonger. On the contrary, only a few days before the outbreak of war he wrote: "I wondered whether those stupid kings and emperors could not assemble together and revivify kingship by saving the nation from hell but we all drift on in a dull cataleptic trance." He was afraid of a pre-emptive strike by the Germans, and he made sure that, when war broke out, the fleet was already at sea and prepared for battle. For this he was rightly praised: but, from then on, his energy misled him into being too active for his own good. "No one department, hardly one war, was enough for him," wrote F. E. Smith afterward.



Whether Churchill should be blamed for the disastrous outcome of the Dardanelles and Gallipoli affair remains a matter for debate. He believed that the idea was sound and that it went wrong precisely because he was not responsible for implementing it. At all events, he became very unpopular, deserted even by most of his former supporters.

ANOTHER factor, about which he knew nothing at the time, cut the ground away from beneath his feet. Asquith succumbed to the growing demand for a coalition government (in which, because of Conservative hostility, there could be no place for Churchill), largely because his will to resist was sapped by a personal tragedy. Venetia Stanley, with whom Asquith was deeply in love and on whose company and correspondence he relied, announced her intention of marrying Edwin Montagu and ruth-

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RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: *The Double-Cross System* is J. C. Masterman's account of how British Intelligence manipulated German spies in WWII (Yale, $6.95). . . . *S.D.S.* is alive and well, reports Alan Adelson (Scribners, $6.95). . . . Stanley Loomis pleads for a reassessment of Marie Antoinette as he details her last days in *The Fatal Friendship* (Doubleday, $9.95). . . . *Blood in My Eye* is a litany of harangues by gentle George Jackson, whose bile survives him (Random House, $5.95). . . . Nash is re-issuing Murray Rothbard's *America's Great Depression* ($10). For the same publisher, Arnold Beichman identifies *Nine Lies about America* ($7.95).

New edition of *Everyman's Dictionary of Music* ("the pocket *Grove's*") from St. Martin's ($15). . . . *How She Died* is a first novel about the Old Left by Helen Yglesias, who should know (Houghton, $6.95). . . . *The Diaries of Alexander Cadogan 1938-1945* are the unstuffy memoirs of the under secretary who served in the British Foreign Office under three prime ministers (Putnam, $15). . . . Straights and freaks clash in Elia Kazan's new novel, *The Assassins* (Stein & Day, $7.95).

■ PERIODICALS: Annual ad-page tallies for the weeklies are in. Up in 1971: *Sports Illustrated*—20 per cent, *TV Guide*—11 per cent, *Time*—8 per cent, *U.S. News*—7 per cent, *Newsweek*—3 per cent, *New York*—2 per cent. Down in 1971: *New Republic*—30 per cent, *Business Week*—16 per cent, *New Yorker*—10 per cent, *Saturday Review*—1 per cent.

■ COMING NEXT MONTH: In *Nixon's Head*, Art Woodstone maintains that the President chokes up under pressure (Coward, McCann, $6.95). . . . Andrew Greeley did a big survey, and the results appear in *Priests in the United States* (Doubleday, $5.95). From the same house comes Bea Lillie's long-heralded autobiography, *Every Other Inch a Lady* ($5.95).

Radicals Richard Pollack, James Blumstein and James Phelan are only half kidding in *How To Take Over Vermont* (Dutton, $5.50). From the same publisher, Murray Kempton hails *The Black Panthers* ($6.95). . . . Composer Alec Wilder analyzes the major songwriters in *American Popular Songs* (Oxford, $17.50). . . . *Places* is a memoir by William Saroyan (Praeger, $6.95). . . . Booth Mooney has a bio of *H. L. Hunt* (Putnam, $6.95).

Two ex-*NR* staffers due out with books from Arlington House. John Coyne analyzes *The Impudent Snobs: Agnew vs. the Intellectual Establishment* ($8.95). David and Holly Franke jaunted across America in search of *Safe Places*, found some fifty, take almost a thousand pages and four hundred illustrations to tell all about these havens ($13.95). . . . Jacques Rueff, ex-boss of the French treasury, seeks to expunge *The Monetary Sin of the West* (Macmillan, $5.95). . . . *The New Language of Politics*, an anecdotal dictionary by Nixon wordsmith William Safire, due out in paperback (Collier, $3.95).

■ CIRCULATION. Late 1971 nearest-to-filing-date figures for several political and intellectual publications: *Antioch Review*—4,000; *Atlas*—131,000; *Commentary*—59,000; *New Guard*—16,000; *Psychology Today*—607,000; *Ramparts*—110,000; *Washington Observer/American Mercury*—10,000.

lessly cut herself off entirely from him. "No hell could be so bad," wrote Asquith. Women can be very cruel: and, as on other famous occasions, a women's cruelty here had a small, but decisive, effect on history.

Churchill went off to France. The officers and men in his battalion of the Royal Scots Fusiliers were, at first, puzzled and alarmed by the arrival among them of this famous and explosive figure. After an uneasy lunch in the mess, he made a short speech: "Gentlemen, I am now your commanding officer. Those who support me I will look after. Those who go against me I will break. Good afternoon, gentlemen." A parade of the whole battalion followed, during which Churchill, mounted on a charger, gave orders unknown to infantrymen and impossible to carry out according to the manual of arms drill.

After this inauspicious beginning, however, he proved himself a sympathetic and courageous commanding officer. Too courageous sometimes. On patrol in no-man's-land at night he was as noisy as a baby elephant. He never fell when a shell went off or ducked when a bullet went past. "It's no damn use ducking," he said, "the bullet has gone a long way past you by now."

BUT he still felt that his proper work was in London. He longed to have a part once more in the higher direction of the war. When his battalion was amalgamated with another, he decided he should return to politics.

A change of government meant a new opportunity. Churchill felt sure that he would be included in any cabinet formed by Bonar Law or Lloyd George. But he wasn't. The feeling against him was still too strong—though Lloyd George did write "? Air Winston" on a list of possible ministers.

It was a black period. Churchill had fallen, in two years, from the zenith to the nadir of his fortunes. "When he left the Admiralty," Lady Spencer-Churchill told Mr. Gilbert, "he thought he was finished. I thought he would never get over the Dardanelles; I thought he would die of grief."

His friends added to his sense of betrayal by flattering him to his face while criticizing him severely in private. Only his wife tried to explain why just those qualities of zeal and personal involvement in the war, which he thought fitted him so well for high office, made others regard him as egotistic and reckless. This reputation continued to hang around his neck in the 1920s and 1930s, when his belief in his own destiny must sometimes have worn very thin. But, as Mr. Gilbert will unfold in future volumes, destiny was preparing him for an even greater role than any that the First World War could have offered. □

The Night Country
By Loren Eiseley
Scribners, 236 pages, $7.95

HEART OF DARKNESS

JAMESON G. CAMPAIGNE SR.

Loren Eiseley sees with the eyes of a child, and he hears with the ears of a child and more than most of us he is able to look into the ancient darkness of life—watching and speaking to black beetles, shrewd rats, angry owls and burrowing rodents. He is a naturalist and an archeologist, a sort of mystic philosopher and a scientist.

And he writes with poetic imagery and Sufic circuity.

The Night Country (his latest book) has a strange quality, as do his other books. It begins with childhood experiences, small happenings in caves and sewers and underground darknesses—intense personal experiences filled with the fear and fascination of childhood for the mystery that is life. One has the feeling that he is exploring the darkness of age-old instincts in order to bring us out into the light of understanding, but he never quite does. What he seems to be trying to tell us is something more

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felt than explained, something of the spirit rather than of the mind.

And that is why I find the first chapters—"The Gold Wheel," "The Places Below," "Big Eyes and Small Eyes" and "The Instruments of Darkness"—so much more powerful than the later ones, which are more expository, less mysterious, more intellectual, less childlike. He has caught a flickering light of truth in these little parables of personal experience and lets some of it out of the prison that is the human body and the scientific mind—like a song or a poem that strikes the heart rather than the mind.

In the later chapters he seeks more to explain and to ask for understanding of what he hopes to tell you. But I kept thinking as these later chapters unwound that he was somehow wandering up to the edge of truth—that a revelation was about to come—and then a veil drops like a misty shroud and you cannot see it. It is too dark—but it is there, in the darkness.

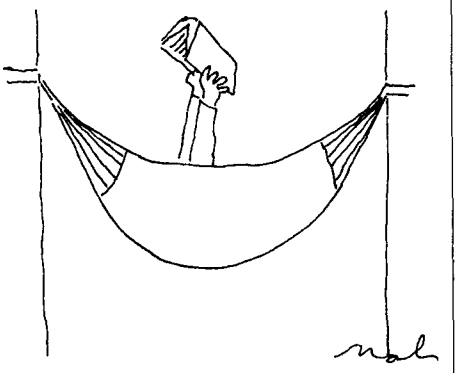
Because he is a scientist, or perhaps because he too is hampered by the same conventions of thought that obscure the meaning of poetic insight and spiritual light, only glimpses of his inner knowledge come through to us.

I HAVE HAD the vague word 'mystic' applied to me because I have not been able to shut out wonder occasionally when I looked at the world," he writes. "I have been lectured by at least one member of my profession to 'explain myself' . . . there seemed to be a feeling on the part of this eminent colleague that something vaguely heretical about the state of my interior heavens demanded exposure or 'confession' in a scientific journal. This man was unaware, in his tough laboratory attitude, that there was another world of pure revery that is of at least equal importance to the human soul."

Eiseley lives in both of these worlds and can escape from neither. He deplores the dogmatic arrogance of science and technology and the assertive "omniscience" of the scientific mind. He knows that the mystery of life cannot be revealed in a test tube. He has less faith in the ability of man to live harmoniously in this strange world than most of his colleagues. Yet he has a powerful faith akin to Albert Schweitzer's "reverence for life" that seems to come from the poetic insights of his "interior heaven."

Poets don't try to explain their poems, any more than painters try to explain their paintings. These works of art are the inspired expression of some inner lights or some nameless terror of darkness. What Eiseley has to say to us cannot be "explained" either. It is when he tries to explain that he fails to touch us deeply. When he tells his little stories of caves and animals and bugs and bats and wild dogs in the night and boyhood fears and anguished doubts—then the light and the darkness that coexist in the human soul come forth in flickering shadows.

Perhaps one story he tells illustrates best of all the nature of the human



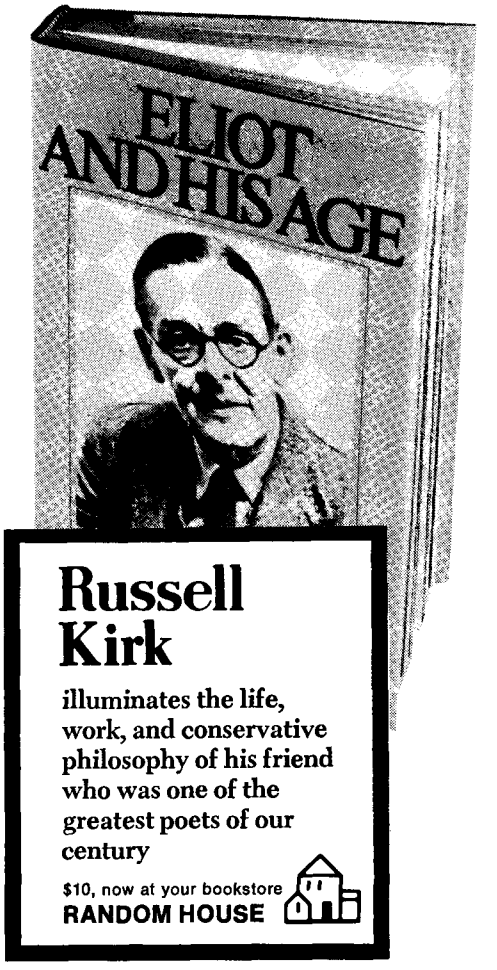
dilemma—and his own. A crazy, ragged looking old man came to see him years ago. He had just read a speech Eiseley made in which he said that man came late to the Western Hemisphere—only a few thousands of years ago. The old man disagreed. He spoke of a Golden Age of man twenty million years ago in America.

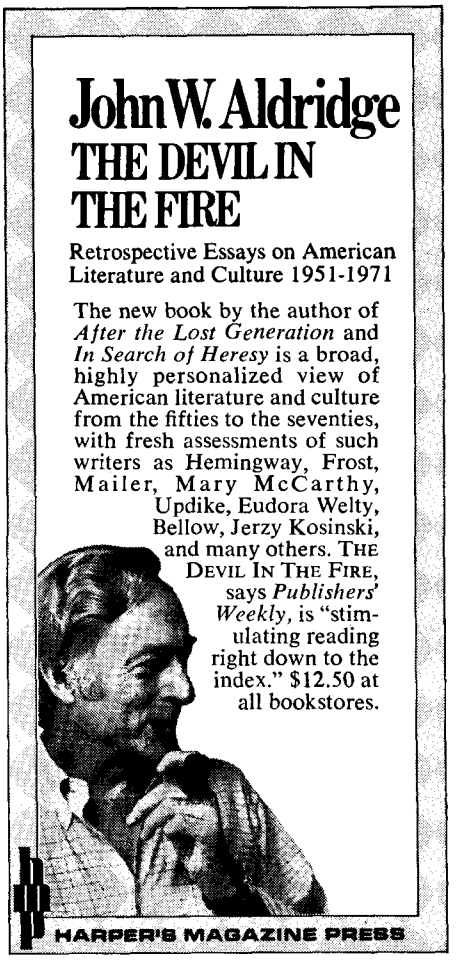
"But," Eiseley protested, "man wasn't even in existence. Geology shows . . ." The "madman" cut him off. "I will prove to you that you are wrong." And he showed him a human jaw that he had found in a cave. To Eiseley it seemed to be very ancient. Excitement rose in him. It just might be a fossil man more ancient than any ever found —and in America!

The old man would not let him have it, or touch it. He had a condition. "I found it in a cave in Missouri," he said. "You can never find the cave alone. If you will make a statement to the papers that the Golden Age is true, I will go with you. You have seen the evidence." "But," Eiseley writes, "the man was mad. I could not possibly have made such a statement as he wanted." And so he lost the jawbone, and perhaps the greatest opportunity in the history of archeology.

Science says man cannot have existed in America twenty million years ago. And science is always right.

Or is it? □


ELIOT AND HIS AGE
Russell Kirk
illuminates the life, work, and conservative philosophy of his friend who was one of the greatest poets of our century
$10, now at your bookstore
RANDOM HOUSE


John W. Aldridge
THE DEVIL IN THE FIRE
Retrospective Essays on American Literature and Culture 1951-1971
The new book by the author of *After the Lost Generation* and *In Search of Heresy* is a broad, highly personalized view of American literature and culture from the fifties to the seventies, with fresh assessments of such writers as Hemingway, Frost, Mailer, Mary McCarthy, Updike, Eudora Welty, Bellow, Jerzy Kosinski, and many others. THE DEVIL IN THE FIRE, says *Publishers' Weekly*, is "stimulating reading right down to the index." $12.50 at all bookstores.
HARPER'S MAGAZINE PRESS

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Joseph Story and the American Constitution: A Study in Legal and Political Thought
By James McClellan
Oklahoma, 413 pp., $12.50

BURKEAN ON THE BEACH

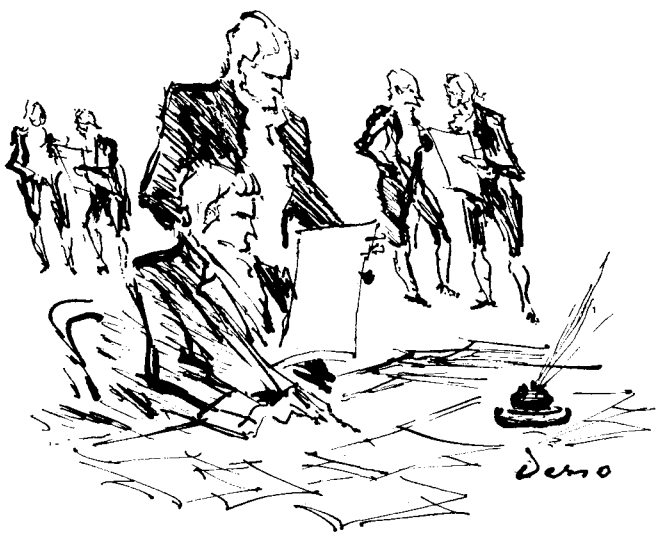
CLYDE WILSON

When, in 1811, President Madison nominated Joseph Story for the "New England seat" on the Supreme Court, two better-known men had declined and a third had been rejected by the Senate. Story was a mere 32, but he had a well-deserved reputation for legal learning, and he had paid his political dues: in the Federalist stronghold of Essex County, Massachusetts, he had endured beatings and ostracism for outspoken adherence to Mr. Jefferson's party. Surprisingly, however, Story on the bench proved to be a Federalist of Federalists, the indefatigable ally of Marshall in the promotion of judicial power, federal supremacy and sanctity of contract.

Story sat until 1845, comforting Marshall's last quarter century and outlasting him ten years. Marshall was as much Story's ally as Story Marshall's. As McClellan shows, Story outranked Marshall in intellect and was often his teacher. Nor was Story's influence circumscribed by the courtroom. Not only his decisions, but his voluminous writings, including the *Commentaries on the Constitution*, made him a Constitutional interpreter of unrivaled significance and a still-supreme authority in half a dozen specialized areas of law. Add to this a Promethean influence on legal education from his sixteen-year stint at Harvard (contemporaneous with his judicial career) and we have the greatest of all our justices.

WITH THIS study, audaciously ignoring the powerful taboos of legal positivism and liberal historiography, Professor McClellan of Hampden-Sydney College has exhumed a forgotten statesman. More important, he has, in the process, peeled away generations of parasitic encrustations and taken a fresh look at the tree of American liberty. Story, the Burkean, was convinced that the roots of American government reached into the natural law of Christian Europe, for so healthy a growth could not possibly be nourished in the thin soil of "natural rights." The natural law flowed to us through the English common law, which it was ever Story's duty to support in American jurisprudence.

Within this framework of natural law through common law, Story created profound conservative constitutional doctrines of the religious foundation of government, church-state relations, property rights and the nature of the Union, which doctrines, save the last, give little comfort to the energumens of the recent Court. McClellan's investigation of Story on these doctrines, on natural law, common law and judicial review, confirms the suspicions that for long now we have been taught things about the origins and import of our fundamental law that are not so, that,



indeed, the old oak was never intended by its planters to shelter the Wide-Open Society through which we are now suffering.

ALAS, it was Story's doctrine of the organic Union, the nationalism proselytized by his friend Daniel Webster, that proved the undoing of all his other labors. As McClellan knows and as Acton pointed out long ago, the flaw of Federalism was the self-contradictory attempt to establish a conservative polity by innovatory and rationalistic contrivances, for instance, federal supremacy and judicial activism. The Federalists spied a threat to order from the masses and too loose government. They overlooked the potential mischief of a corrupt elite and too much government. In discarding the social contract notion of society, Story also threw out the compact idea of the Union, the last defense of the community. Thus the Federalists forged the very instruments of oligarchical federal power which have been the main weapons against the order, tradition and property they sought to secure.

HERE I would enter an objection to McClellan's flogging of Jeffersonian democracy, which he, with most conservatives, finds the villain in American degeneracy. The trouble is that the Federalist skirts were not clean either. Despite some of the speculative opinions of their leader, the Jeffersonians, too, were spokesmen for tradition and order. The question was not between order and no order but between the rival orders of Virginia and New England. The Virginians warned that the Storyite philosophy would degenerate into "monarchy" (untrammeled executive authority), "aristocracy" (judicial or bureaucratic oligarchy forcing its will against the sense of the community), and "consolidation" (perilously centralized power).

Were they not right? It was the Jeffersonians, as Leo Paul S. de Alvarez has recently pointed out, who honored rooted and deliberative government, the Federalists a near-revolutionary activism. Worst of all, the conservative philosophy of Federalism was culturally intertwined with the millenarist progressivism of New England (as is foretold by Story's abolitionism and Unitarianism) and it was the latter that came to dominate and use the nationalistic instruments and morality forged by the former.

This objection, however, does not blunt the significance for our time of Story's commentary, McClellan's skilful exposition of which, appearing not long behind Kendall's and Carey's *Basic Symbols of the American Political Tradition*, gives heart to those who hope some day to wring from the judiciary a writ of replevin on the American inheritance of ordered liberty. □

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Mao's Revolution and the Chinese Political Culture
By Richard H. Solomon
California, 604 pp., $16.75

SOCIAL SCIENCE ZEROS IN ON MAO

JUSTUS M. VAN DER KROEF

I suppose it was inevitable: after the spate of interpretive and analytical studies of Maoism as political style and ideology that have appeared in recent years someone felt the need to do it again with the aid of what Professor Solomon calls "the techniques of social-science analysis." In the case of the present volume this meant interviewing 91 Mainland-born Chinese in Taiwan and Hong Kong, and correlating the results with published documents, observations by other scholars, writings and speeches by Chinese Communist leaders, and articles in the Mainland Chinese press, so as to get a fix on Mao's relation to the "political culture" of China.

Professor Solomon, who teaches at the University of Michigan, is not unaware that a sample of 91 respondents may not accurately reflect 700 million Chinese. But he apparently believes that the diversity of ages, regional backgrounds, educational experiences and occupations of the sample, though admittedly weighted in favor "of that 'bourgeois' element of Chinese society which Mao has struggled against most of his life," helps in overcoming that problem. Rorschach and Thematic Apperception tests, attitude surveys, "a set of open-ended questions about social attitudes and life experiences," and so on, administered to Solomon's interviewees, presumably did likewise.

And what does it all add up to? Well, we learn for example that in China one's childhood influences one's later life, or as Professor Solomon puts it: "The fact that we find major continuities between childhood experiences and adult attitudes strengthens the interpretation that childhood learning is preparation for adult life, and that attitudes and behavioral patterns acquired early in life persist in adulthood." (As Coolidge used to say: "When people are out of work unemployment results.") Or again we are told that there is an "enduring ambivalence toward authority" (is there a "political culture" that doesn't arouse uncertainty or ire toward authority among some of its participants?) and that resisting authority, or even family quarrels, affects social unity.

The latter point Professor Solomon puts thus: "The fear that 'talking back' to authority, or even airing differences among family members will lead to conflict and 'confusion' has serious implications for social integration." After a steady drizzle of such observations it is difficult to escape the conclusion that "the techniques of social-science analysis" as applied by Professor Solomon consist of belaboring the obvious with the determined devotion of James' well-known hippopotamus pushing about his pea.

THIS IS not to say that Professor Solomon does not lay bare some significant features of modern Chinese political behavior; it is to say that he takes twice as long as necessary to do so, and that what he ultimately offers is hardly news to readers of Schram, Ch'en, Lifton, Pye and others who have dealt with Maoist political culture. Part III of Solomon's book, "The Maoist Political Revolution," is an admirable summary of how Mao organized and stirred his followers to action. Pleasantly jargon-free, this part manages to present Maoist ideology and organizational tactics as a workable whole in relation to those desired traits of character that can bring revolutionary success. Unfortunately, the interview results of Solomon's 91 respondents make their appearance here once again in order to demonstrate that Maoist power strategies significantly correspond to these interviewees' "expectations of dealings with peers and authority."

For example, the Maoist tactic of striking at one's "reactionary" enemies from a "stable" center of power is described as reflecting "an intuitive awareness," apparently on Mao's part, of the earlier mentioned "ambivalent" attitudes toward authority which Solomon discovered among his interviewees and which presumably are embedded also in Chinese political culture. This ambivalence is now described as "the desire to strike out at hated power, yet a fear that in so doing one will be cut off from security and subject to an intensely hostile reaction." I am not privy to Mao's intuitive awarenesses. But I would suggest that 1) striking at one's enemy from a secure base of one's own is as unoriginal and universal a thought as the one that striking out at "hated power" is likely to be risky, and hence 2) that by giving an allegedly specific "Chinese" quality to what, after all, are likely to be universal traits and "expectations of dealings with peers and authority" found in many political cultures, one can manage to prove almost anything about the Chinese—or anyone else.

In his introduction Solomon shows an awareness, in a general way, that there are areas of human action and perception that "transcend cultural boundaries," while noting also the "distinctiveness" of the Chinese experience. It is particularly in this third part of his book, however, and in an attempt to make his interview results dovetail with Maoist practices, that he appears to have fallen into what may be called the fallacy of "specified universality" (to coin another bit of jargon).

In a concluding part Solomon summarizes the reasons for and the course of the spasmodic policy upheavals initiated by Mao in the Sixties and leading to the "Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution." His analysis, based on the Chinese press, speeches and standard sources is more documented but not as readable as Robert Elegant's recent account of the same period (reviewed in *NR*, May 18, 1971). It brings the conventional perspective to bear, i.e., that of a Mao, worried about his own slipping powers and alarmed that the pre-Communist traditional Chinese culture was still blocking acceptance of the Maoist model of the Communist "New Man," resorting to the planned *luan* (chaos) of intensified revolutionary change. But, considering the resistance at so many levels of Chinese society to these cataclysmic Maoist innovations, especially to the Cultural Revolution, what, one might ask, became of Mao's "intuitive awareness" of the Chinese people's ambivalent attitudes toward authority?

In his conclusion Solomon tells us that "the one Maoist political value which fully merges" with the Chinese tradition is the "uncompromising stress on the collective good" over the demands of the individual. Why did this Maoist political value, then, fail to bring general compliance? And why—judging by the new schisms in China's leadership structure involving Lin Piao—has

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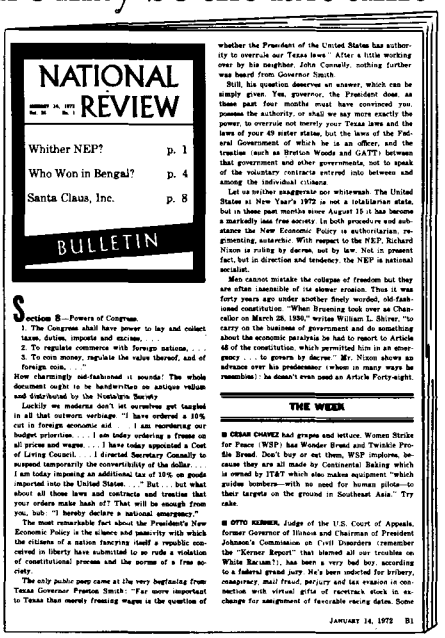
NATIONAL REVIEW

Whither NEP? p. 1

Who Won in Bengal? p. 4

Santa Claus, Inc. p. 8

BULLETIN

Section 8—Powers of Congress.

1. The Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts and excises. . . .
2. To regulate commerce with foreign nations. . . .
3. To coin money, regulate the value thereof, and of foreign coin. . . .

How charmingly old-fashioned it sounds! The whole document ought to be handwritten on antique vellum and distributed by the Nostalgia Society.

Luckily we moderns don't let ourselves get tangled in all that outworn verbiage. "I have ordered a 10% cut in foreign economic aid. . . . I am reordering our budget priorities. . . . I am today ordering a freeze on all prices and wages. . . . I have today appointed a Cost of Living Council. . . . I directed Secretary Connally to suspend temporarily the convertibility of the dollar. . . . I am today imposing an additional tax of 10% on goods imported into the United States. . . ." But . . . but what about all those laws and contracts and treaties that your orders make hash of? That will be enough from you, bub. "I hereby declare a national emergency."

The most remarkable fact about the President's New Economic Policy is the silence and passivity with which the citizens of a nation fancying itself a republic received in liberty have submitted to so rude a violation of constitutional process and the norms of a free society.

The only public peep came at the very beginning from Texas Governor Preston Smith: "Far more important to Texas than merely freezing wages is the question of whether the President of the United States has authority to overrule our Texas laws." After a little working over by his neighbor, John Connally, nothing further was heard from Governor Smith.

Still, his question deserves an answer, which can be simply given. Yes, governor, the President does as these past four months must have convinced you, possess the authority, or shall we say more exactly the power, to overrule not merely your Texas laws and the laws of your 49 sister states, but the laws of the Federal Government of which he is an officer, and the treaties (such as Bretton Woods and GATT) between that government and other governments, not to speak of the voluntary contracts entered into between and among the individual citizens.

Let us neither exaggerate nor whitewash. The United States as New Year's 1972 is not a totalitarian state, but in these past months since August 15 it has become a markedly less free society. In both procedure and substance the New Economic Policy is authoritarian, regimenting, autarchic. With respect to the NEP, Richard Nixon is ruling by decree, not by law. Not in present fact, but in direction and tendency, the NEP is national socialist.

Men cannot mistake the collapse of freedom but they are often insensible of its slower erosion. Thus it was forty years ago under another finely worded, old-fashioned constitution: "When Bruening took over as Chancellor on March 28, 1930," writes William L. Shirer, "to carry on the business of government and do something about the economic paralysis he had to resort to Article 48 of the constitution, which permitted him in an emergency . . . to govern by decree." Mr. Nixon shows an advance over his predecessor (whom in many ways he resembles): he doesn't even need an Article Forty-eight.

THE WEEK

■ CESAR CHAVEZ had grapes and lettuce. Women Strike for Peace (WSP) has Wonder Bread and Twinkle Profile Bread. Don't buy or eat them, WSP implores, because they are all made by Continental Baking which is owned by IT&T which also makes equipment "which guides bombers—with no need for human pilots—to their targets on the ground in Southeast Asia." Try cake.

■ OTTO KERNER, Judge of the U.S. Court of Appeals, former Governor of Illinois and Chairman of President Johnson's Commission on Civil Disorders (remember the "Kerner Report" that blamed all our troubles on White Racism?), has been a very bad boy, according to a federal grand jury. He's been indicted for bribery, conspiracy, mail fraud, perjury and tax evasion in connection with virtual gifts of racetrack stock in exchange for assignment of favorable racing dates. Some

JANUARY 14, 1972 B1

IF you want to be fully informed about important news developments on all fronts: domestic, foreign, business, etc., but don't want to spend more time than necessary assimilating such information, then NR's newsletter, the BULLETIN, is for you. The BULLETIN packs a wealth of inside, unduplicated information into its fast-reading eight pages (which you can read in just 30 minutes!).

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What You Will Get

Each separate feature of the BULLETIN (eight in all) packs so much information that it's almost like receiving eight newsletters! "The Week" is a compact listing of the hottest news items—many that have been "overlooked" in the regular press. "On the Left" highlights the latest activities of the new *and* old Left, including private reports from here and abroad. "Capital Bulletin" is a provocative Washington report from a well-informed correspondent who knows his way around the inner circles of government (which is why his news beats often appear as headline stories weeks after you've read them in the BULLETIN—and why he chooses to use the pen-name "Winston"). "What's Ahead" gives you forecasts based on current trends (the "small events" that may become tomorrow's crisis). "People" is perhaps the most popular BULLETIN feature; it's not afraid to name names or focus on who's doing what—it's where you'll find the latest political news and gossip. For pithy and pointed editorial comment, there's "At Home" by M. Stanton Evans, brilliant editor of the Indianapolis *News*. Evans, known as one of the nation's keenest political analysts, brings you his own special brand of commentary on the most controversial and crucial issues of today. International news is not neglected, either. One of the BULLETIN's regular features is "Abroad," a unique survey of the foreign scene, complete with confidential reports filed by on-the-spot observers in key trouble spots the world over. And for all those concerned about the state of the nation's economy (and who isn't?), there's "Business," a column of important economic and financial news and analysis. "Business" has become widely known for its perceptive treatment and understanding of current business trends. This column is written not in unintelligible financial jargon, but in language that *you* can understand.

Here's a sampling of some of the news stories that have appeared in recent BULLETINS:

- Integrate or Else!
- Is Vietnam Doomed?
- What Has Happened to Our Strategic Defense?
- G. Jackson, Criminal
- Busing Absurdities
- The Brainwashing of Scotty Reston
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- Who's Next for Bombing?
- Farewell Spiro?

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Mao's attempt, as Solomon puts it, to "institutionalize" the "unity of opposites," dialectically no less than practically, been somewhat less than a success—to put it mildly? To such questions, alas, these pages provide no answer, and the real place of Maoism in Chinese political culture (if, indeed, it has one and is not, in fact, a total repudiation of that culture) remains as elusive as before one's meeting with Professor Solomon's 91 respondents. □

MYSTERIES

The Midnight Raymond Chandler
By Raymond Chandler
Houghton, 734 pp., $10

Walk a Black Wind
By Michael Collins
Dodd Mead, 188 pp., $4.95

Nobody Answered the Bell
By Rhys Davies
Dodd Mead, 158 pp., $5.95

Twelve Trains to Babylon
By Alfred Connable
Little, Brown, 309 pp., $6.95

Murder at the Savoy
By Maj Sjöwall and Per Wahlöö
Pantheon, 216 pp., $4.95

Message from Málaga
By Helen MacInnes
Harcourt, 367 pp., $6.95

INDIVIDUALISTS AND GROTESQUES

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

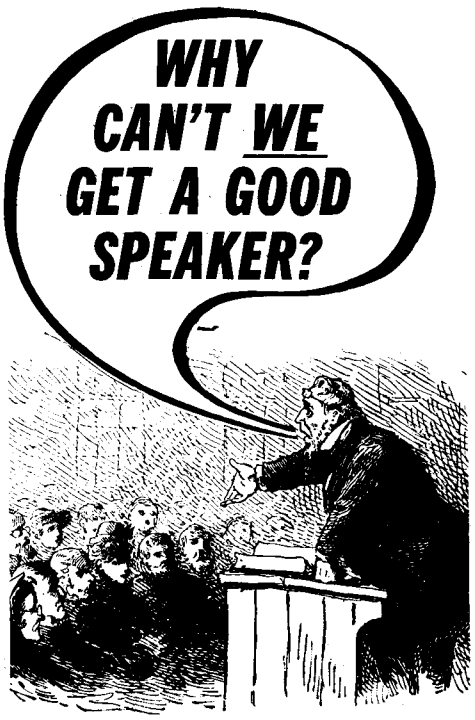
"There was a desert wind blowing that night. It was one of those hot dry Santa Anas that come down through the mountain passes and curl your hair and make your nerves jump and your skin itch. On nights like that every booze party ends in a fight. Meek little wives feel the edge of the carving knife and study their husbands' necks." These are the opening lines of Raymond Chandler's short story, "The Red Wind," and it is appropriate that Joan Didion quotes them in "Los Angeles Notebook" to describe the Santa Ana. For like Joan Didion's, Chandler's prose is as clean, spare and evocative as any written in America during the past three decades.

And perhaps just because of the good crackling prose, *The Midnight Raymond Chandler* doesn't quite satisfy. The selection is representative, including two complete novels and four long short stories, among them Chandler's first, "Blackmailers Don't Lie" (1933), and his last, "The Pencil" (1959), neither of them previously published in America. A good collection, but the plots now seem contrived, the characters one-dimensional, the motivation often unconvincing, and, as a result, that marvelous style seems squandered on vehicles not quite worthy of it. Still, there are fine things here, almost as good as we remembered from those days when we traded in the Hardy Boys for our first Chandler, chief among them Chandler's detective Philip Marlowe, who manages to stand the test of time. True, his hat brim is a bit too wide, the pants too baggy, and the background against which he moves seems dim and slightly seedy, like the set for one of those 1938 B-movie TV reruns. But he is saved by that Bogartian individualism. Marlowe stands outside himself and society, ironical but romantic, the individualist who makes his own rules, the antisocial man (and isn't it ironic that Chandler, like Hammett, fancied himself something of a socialist?).

DAN FORTUNE, protagonist of *Walk a Black Wind*, is a smaller, contemporary version of Marlowe who does his solitary sleuthing mostly in Manhattan's seedy Chelsea district. The novel is well plotted, moving smoothly between Manhattan and upstate New York, with an incongruous but successful side trip to an Arizona Indian reservation. The only real flaw: for no good reason Fortune, like a Dickensian caricature, has only one arm. Why? One suspects that the author intended to symbolize that existential loneliness characteristic of the Chandlerian hero. Instead, however, it comes across as a piece of artistic gimmickry, adding a needlessly grotesque touch to an otherwise good mystery.

We get all the grotesques we need in *Nobody Answered the Bell*. A dead dog, the decaying corpse of an old harlot, an obscenely tattooed lesbian, her girlfriend with the deformed back who fornicates with a dimwitted milkman with a speech impediment on the kitchen floor, all adding up to one of those depressingly perverse English mysteries that stay with you for days, like a bad case of body odor hanging in an old tweed suit. Designed to appeal to badly adjusted lesbians and perverts with deformed backs.

In *Twelve Trains to Babylon* (Long



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Island, that is), grotesques also abound, among them a fat spy-master pornographer, his pet dwarf, a Barbella-type junkie, and a catatonic central character who stumbles through a surrealistic plot, one of those jagged, jerky half-nightmare, half-hangover subspecies of the spy novel pioneered by John Le Carré and now jittering toward extinction. Mr. Connable's unreadable novel is a significant step in that direction.

Maj Sjöwall and Per Wahlöö, the Swedish husband-wife mystery writing team who, in 1970, won an Edgar for *The Laughing Policeman*, don't quite make it this time. The crime is uninteresting, the detection insignificant, and the lives of the men of the Swedish National Police seem especially mundane, with Chief Inspector Martin Beck finally complaining once too often about his digestion. Worst of all, the incidental picture of life in Sweden is flat, lacking in detail. The novel might as well be set in Minneapolis.

THE SPANISH setting in Helen MacInnes' latest is vivid, but unfortunately Miss MacInnes doesn't live up to the standard she set for herself in her fourteen earlier novels. Perhaps it's the central character, Ian Ferrier, the type Miss MacInnes usually does so well—the honest, well-meaning, relatively uncomplicated man who stumbles into international intrigue and finds himself used by professional operatives, much in the manner of the early Eric Ambler protagonists.

Ferrier fits all the requirements, but for some reason he never quite comes alive. The fault may lie with the secondary characters who tend, in the sort of novel Miss MacInnes usually writes, to throw the central characters into sharp relief. But there are just too many of them here, and the reader spends so much time keeping them straight that he loses sight of the hero. Or it may be the plot—the scheming seems disproportionately complex, given the essentially simple nature of the action.

There are good things, especially the bang-up finish. And Miss MacInnes' pro-Americanism is refreshing. (Her Americans are often, believe it or not, brighter than Europeans.) But one suspects that had Miss MacInnes thrown away everything before page 147, at which point the hero finally becomes deeply involved, and had she then given the whole thing a rewrite, *Message from Málaga* would have been the equal of its predecessors and as good as the novel Miss MacInnes will write next year. □

Anthony Lejeune, *our London correspondent and sometime mystery writer, is editorial director of Tom Stacey, Ltd., publishers. . . .* **Jameson Campaigne Sr.**, *for many years the editor of the* Indianapolis Star, *has recently retired and is working on a book. . . .* **Clyde Wilson** *is Assistant Professor of History at the University of South Carolina. . . .* **Justus van der Kroef** *is Professor of Political Science at the University of Bridgeport. . . .* **John Coyne** *of Arizona State is author of a book about Spiro Agnew (due out in March).*

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE REGULATED CONSUMER, *by Mary Bennett Peterson (Nash, 271 pp., $7.95).* The notion that consumers would benefit from less regulation of business rather than more seems rather heretical in this day of Ralph Nader, Truth in Lending and a host of other institutions which seem bent on using the offices of Big Government to "protect" the consumer. But Mary Bennett Peterson has marshaled a convincing case that government regulation on behalf of the consumer frequently turns out to have the opposite effect, and benefits instead established business interests and the government bureaucracy. She examines the history behind the birth of seven major regulatory agencies (including the Civil Aeronautics Board, Federal Trade Commission and National Labor Relations Board) and their decisions over the years to document her conclusions. What the book sorely lacks, and what Milton Friedman attempts to provide in his short introduction, is a rigorous and consistent framework for explaining why regulatory agencies are established and why they function as they do. Unfortunately, Friedman's essay and Mrs. Peterson's essentially descriptive study fail to provide the needed antidote to the confusion and misinformation which people such as Nader and Mintz and Cohen (*America, Inc.*) are sowing with such abandon. But at least *The Regulated Consumer* is a respectable start. J. BERNARD BURNHAM

IT USUALLY BEGINS WITH AYN RAND, *by Jerome Tuccille (Stein and Day, 192 pp., $6.95). It Usually Begins with Ayn Rand* doesn't end anywhere near there, as is to be expected in a book dedicated to "deviationists all over the world." Jerome Tuccille fills 192 pages with a picaresque autobiography of hectic journeys through Randism, Goldwaterism, Conservative Clubbism, Galambosianism, YAF, radical libertarianism and sundry others, to finally discover truth in a Left-Right revolutionary coalition. Sometimes it is funny and frequently it is obscene. A few of the personality sketches, as of Rand, Rothbard and Hess, and the account of the Radical Libertarian Alliance convention of 1969, are worth reading for the diversion they offer one uninitiated into such worlds. The last chapter, a seemingly serious attempt at philosophizing, hangs like a severed limb. Throughout, there is the very discernible undercurrent of a small voice crying in the verbiage: "Please see me! I'm so clever, won't you look at me?" But there are only fleeting shadows to see. It may be nice to know that there are other people who shun the *New York Times*—"You'll never build a sane movement once you're discovered by the *New York Times*." But a little more perceptiveness than Tuccille's is needed to build a sane movement. And a little more definition of authorial focus, too: so much facetiousness blended with so much hostility provides a mental atmosphere fit only for deviationism. C. P. SARSFIELD

THE USER'S GUIDE TO THE PROTECTION OF THE ENVIRONMENT, *by Paul Swatek (Ballantine, 312 pp., $1.25).* Paul Swatek is the least offensive ecologist I've yet met—or read, for which I am grateful. He is in dead earnest about protecting America from pollution, waste, extravagance, individual initiative and, to his great credit, from the unintentional stupidity leading so many of us to make the wrong choices in myriad purchases in just about every facet of our lives: shelter, gardening, energy use, water use, waste disposal, food, cosmetics, toiletries, clothing, transportation, even recreation. *The User's Guide* is subtitled "The Indispensable Guide to Making Every Purchase Count," and if the superlative is questionable, the seriousness of the author's purpose is not. This is no handbook for Plucking Your Own Uncontaminated Boysenberries, designed for the brown-rice brigade. And though it is shot through with the expectable dislike for The System—what you or I might refer to as "development," Mr. Swatek calls "fall[ing] prey to urban sprawl"; Ralph Nader's hysterical diatribes are, to Mr. Swatek, "Ralph Nader's careful exposés," and the like—*The User's Guide* is indeed quite helpful, carefully documented, as radical as *Consumer's Report*, and, most importantly (and pleasantly), a true labor of love. I doubt that two out of a thousand sesame-seed and biodegradable peanut butter kiddies will get through fifteen pages; it's *that* exciting. But it's the very best such book on the market and deserves your attention. D. J. C. BRUDNOY

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Arts & Manners

TRIBULATIONS

D. KEITH MANO

The Great Filter Foul-up

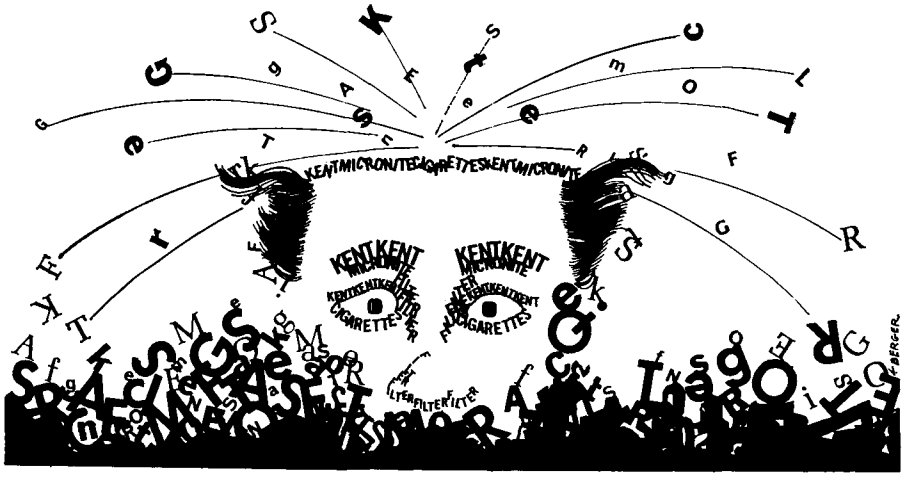
GIN, TONIC, TARRAGON, MACE, SAFFRON, OREGANO, CINNAMON. . . . That's not only the recipe for a nifty aphrodisiac cocktail, it's also a partial list of words made from the letters in KENT MICRONITE FILTER CIGARETTES (using those letters as often as desired). If you made a sufficient number of these words Lorillard Co. and Blue Ribbon Promotions would, they said, award you (and 49 others) a "Royal Holiday in England" plus $500 spending money.

That's what banner headlines in *Look* Magazine suggested. Below the headlines: a photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Average Scrabble Player in a castle courtyard flanked by walk-ons from the Old Vic—a troubador, a cook with roast pig on platter, Mistress Quickly bearing two flagons of sack. That could be me, I thought. It seemed simple. The standard reference, Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary, is at best a volume of modest size. I had more than two months. If one were sedulous enough, using half hours before the cocktail flag was hoisted, half hours waiting for the wife to dress and redress, one would *have* to win.

There are fourteen usable letters in KENT MICRONITE FILTER CIGARETTES—these chiefly the workhorses of the alphabet. The rule permitting duplication naturally increased my word list; in fact, though, it made the business more manageable. A word containing, say, six "c's" could be typed without careful verification. It became merely a matter of eliminating words with p, b, u etc.: Large blocks of the dictionary were bypassed. The rules stated: "You may not use proper nouns, abbreviations . . ." and so on, the usual Scrabble rules. There was *no* prohibition against using forms of words. I used all forms, form, forming, former, formation, formations, formal, formalism, formalist, formalists, formalistic—even words only implied by Webster's Seventh (there was no penalty for ineligible words). I reserve my final count: It was a list of between ten and twenty thousand words. I borrowed two bottom Kent flaps and sent it off registered mail. Given Webster's Seventh, the worst I could do was tie.

Do I have to tell you what happened?

When the deadline had clearly passed, I telephoned Blue Ribbon Promotions. A young lady, Miss Martha Gordon, was polite but firm. She would



gladly send me a list of the fifty winners. Excellent, I said, but that proves very little; I wanted a word count. Miss Gordon said that Blue Ribbon could never release a word count. Surely, I said, you know how many words won? Surely you know that? Well . . . Miss Gordon told me to write a letter; she would see that I got an answer from someone in authority. I wrote a letter. No answer came.

The list of fifty winners did arrive. But, even presuming one could contact Sheila Rabin, New York, N.Y.—why ever would Sheila Rabin, New York, N.Y. jeopardize her roast pig and sack by telling me, a total stranger, what her winning word count was? I'm sure she's not the wife of a tobacco executive. I am *not* sure that she won. I don't think anyone is sure of that. Let this be clear: I do not accuse Blue Ribbon Promotions of fraud; I accuse Blue Ribbon Promotions of stupidity, incompetence, and a cavalier disregard for the thousands and thousands of people who wasted millions of hours on a contest that was essentially misleading.

I CALLED Blue Ribbon Promotions again. Miss Gordon admitted that forms of words had been eliminated—though the rules in no way suggested this. But what, after all, defines a form of a word? *Mails* is surely a form of *mail*, but isn't *mailman* a word in its own right? Blue Ribbon would have required a full-time staff of semanticists to judge the Kent contest fairly. "Only words appearing in the main body of Webster's Seventh New *Collegiate* Dictionary are eligible." *Mail, mailer, mailman, mailing* (a "rented farm" according to Webster's, hardly a form of *mail*) have each an individual entry in the main body.

Why no word counts? Well, Miss Gordon confessed, they had been inundated. Mr. X, for instance, had sent in a list of 150,000 words—including Polynesian verbs, baby talk he used with his pet poodle, and hundreds of words, like etaoin shrdlu, made up just for the occasion. If Blue Ribbon issued a word count, thousands with higher word counts would want to know why they hadn't won.

Inundated? That's the point. Let's suppose conservatively that there were

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a thousand entries from each state (after small lists were eliminated), each averaging five thousand words. Remember, Mr. X's list, for all its fraudulent words, had to be checked, Miss Gordon admitted that; there was no penalty for incorrect words. At the very least between a hundred million and a quarter of a billion words had to be judged a) for their correct letters, b) for their eligibility in Webster's Seventh, c) by the large staff of semanticists for their designation as word or "form" of word. It was manifestly impossible to judge the Kent Contest with any amount of accuracy. Some of the fifty winners were certainly winners: The rest I presume were picked out of a hat.

Second prize, by the way, was announced as a thousand "exquisitely designed, golden toned sets of Kent Castle Brooches and Tie Tacs." They damn well *better* be exquisitely designed. □

FILM

DAVID BRUDNOY

Tradition!

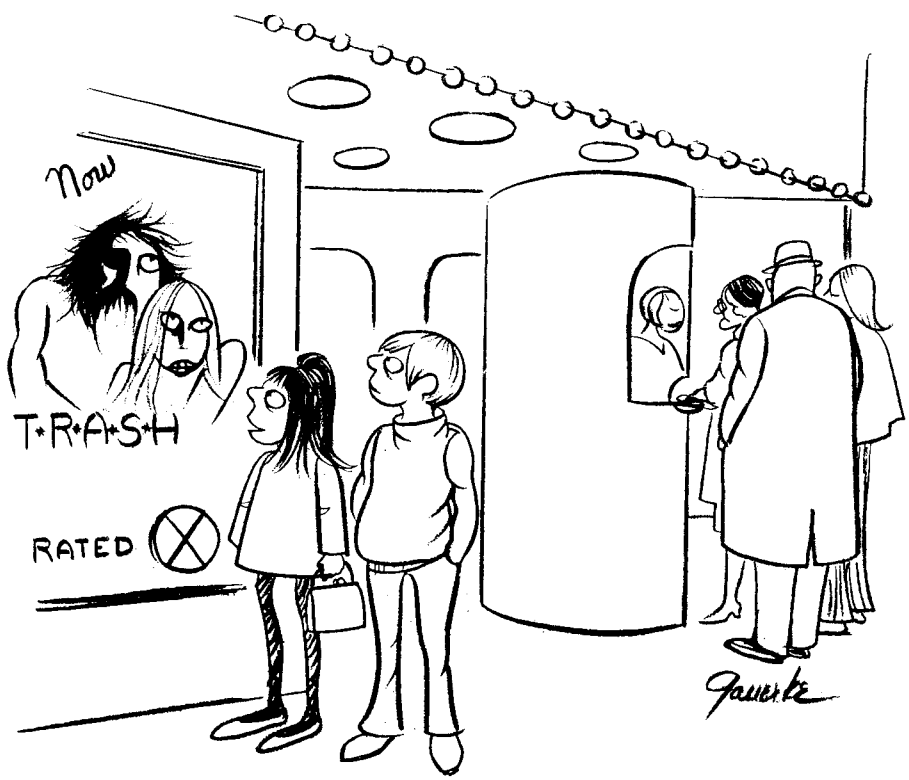
Stanley Kauffmann over at the other *NR* (*New Republic*) called it "Mogen David Superstar" and recoiled in horror. Well, Mr. Kauffmann, one of our best film critics, can't always be right, and he's dead wrong about *Fiddler on the Roof*, certainly the most beautiful, moving, powerful, big movie musical of the last few years. Starring the Israeli actor Topol in the role Zero Mostel made his own on the stage, *Fiddler* is an enormous, endless hulk, oversized in scale perhaps, but filled to brimming with warmth, simple truths, love.

The love is for tradition, for family, and for the *volk*—the Jewish whatever. Living uneasily in the Russian *shtetl*, the Jews were constantly in danger of a pogrom or, when it suited the purposes of czarist internal politics, of expulsion. Without tradition, Tevye the milkman sings at the outset of the film, the lives of his people would be as precarious as—as a fiddler on the roof. On comes the sweet sound of Isaac Stern and the wonderful, Chagallesque vision of the fiddler perched atop a roof, silhouetted against the morning sky. And then the story of Tevye, his wife Golde, and their three marriageable daughters and the matches they make, each against their parents' wishes. The eldest, Tzeitel (Rosalind Harris, who looks like a young Barbra Streisand with looks), rejecting the village's old, rich butcher (Paul Mann) chooses instead Motel, a tailor as poor as her father. The shy, bespectacled young man, remarkably acted by Leonard Frey of *The Boys in the Band*, finally asserts his manhood by standing up to Tevye and claiming his bride. Their marriage, solemnized under the traditional canopy, followed by a modest feast and a brilliant wedding dance by four top-hatted young men balancing bottles on their heads, is interrupted by the czar's soldiers, destroying the evening's joy as a foretaste of the expulsion to come.

Tevye, who sings the by-now almost classic "If I Were a Rich Man," seeks prosperous husbands for his girls. But like Tzeitel, the others choose "wrong," the second picking a young anti-czarist radical, and the third, a handsome gentile. The traditions that Tevye values range from the sublime (his religion, his faith in God, his love of justice) through the petit-bourgeois (respectability, custom for custom's sake), to, as The Kids would put it, the "counterproductive": The third daughter, forbidden to marry out of the faith, does so and thus becomes "dead" to her parents. Tevye can come to terms with *bends* in the tradition—"on the other hand," he sings to himself, while bending—but not with intermarriage, a *break* with tradition.

A sense of joy in life and a quality of reverence for the Right Thing pervades *Fiddler*, based loosely, very loosely, on a story by Sholom Aleichem, directed and produced unselfconsciously by a Protestant, Norman Jewison. Sophisticates will scorn the film; it is square, it is *heimische*, it is folk opera, right down to Molly Picon's Yente the matchmaker. I'm told that the young snicker at *Fiddler* in Boston. They didn't in San Juan, where I saw it. Why were Puerto Ricans flocking to *Fiddler* and loving it, I wondered, and then realized that it probably appealed to them even more than to me. Those with a respect for tradition, or, more precisely, a love of tradition, cannot help but take *Fiddler* to, you'll excuse the expression, their hearts.

TRADITION of another sort infuses the latest James Bond-y with its familiar sex-violence-smartass drollery. *Diamonds Are Forever* seems pallid when one remembers *Goldfinger* and *Dr. No*, but producers Albert Broccoli and Harry Saltzman manage to squeeze another ninety minutes of suave mayhem out of the notorious Blofeld and assorted other baddies, and the requisite come-ons from Tiffany Case (Jill St.



"We'll have to wait until they show it in our Hygiene class."

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John) and three or four certified Bondettes. Sean Connery, toupé, leer, spreading paunch and all, saves the world from Blofeld's diamond-studded, space-orbiting laser-beam device, along the way drowning disagreeable sorts in mud and poison gaseous mush, strangling them in elevators, setting them afire with lamb flambé and brandy, blowing them up with their own timebombs, and treating lesser evildoers to other festive send-offs. To write of *Diamonds Are Forever* alongside *Fiddler* would give Tevye an acute case of the oys, but, in its fashion, the newest 007 bloodletting flick emerges like a prize-winning pug in a kennelful of Afghans—best in class. □

DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

Whither Food?

Modern life is a never-ending sequence of wonders. I have just stayed in an expensive apartment where the over-six-foot host had to shoehorn himself into a tiny square bathtub. Why is it that people get bigger and bigger whereas the things they use get smaller and smaller? And why is it that when, for the first time in history, thanks to modern food preserving and distributing techniques, it is no longer necessary to cook, people produce and buy more cookbooks than ever? By cooking, I mean getting a dish together from various ingredients as in times past. What modern cooking consists of is plain heating food that, except for palatability, in practically all cases could be consumed as is.

Equally interesting is the fact that convenience foods are no longer simple. I am speaking of frozen convenience foods which are the foods of the present and the future, leaving canned goods far behind. Several grocers have told me that canned foods are largely bought either in small cans, for one or two helpings, or in large-economy-size ones, and that as an integral part of the American diet they are passé. (With the exception of things that don't freeze well, such as tomatoes and mushrooms, some fruits and, of course, soups which are cheap to can and expensive to freeze.)

Canning made an enormous difference in people's eating patterns. It made foods available for the first time all the year round rather than seasonally, and exotic foods became commonplace. Canned foods could be used as is, which earlier preserved foods, such as salted, smoked or dried ones, could not. I remember having dinner with a friend in Karasjok, in Norwegian Lapland, in the middle of the winter. We had reindeer meat because that is the meat of those parts (it tastes like mild venison) and fat white canned asparagus. For dessert came ice cream with canned pineapple. All of us were reverent about these beautiful, exotic delicacies; one of the guests said that she could never get used to the idea of eating string beans in winter.

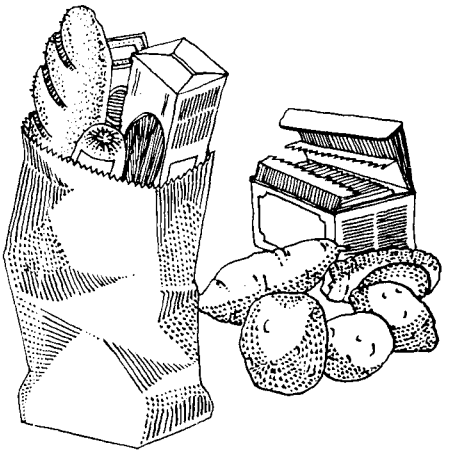
Frozen foods were put on the map by the makers of freezers, who gave some away and sold others at below-the-market prices in special food plans. The big frozen food processors were behind this too; for you cannot sell frozen foods on a large scale unless there is a freezer in every kitchen. Frozen foods started simply, with staples like peas and beans, but it was soon discovered that freezing could do what canning cannot: provide ready-to-heat whole meals and baked goods that at least look palatable.

THEN CAME the Great American Gourmet Revolution, one of the sadder developments of the century and one that links us with the goings-on in the lesser days of the Roman Empire. The Second World War prepared its way, with soldiers tasting foreign foods far more interesting than their home cooking; the travel wave which subsequently engulfed the American public had the same effect. Ah, those sauces on the fish in that bistro in lower Toulouse, people sighed, among other sighs for other fleshpots. The frozen food industry was not slow to catch on, saucing up everything that can be sauced up in what so proudly they hail as gourmet fare.

Foods were taken to extremes. Anybody can see in the frozen food cases of the supermarkets exotic fare at high prices for small amounts and often dubious quality. A Japanese vegetable combination with sauce that I bought recently for 53 cents consisted of a cup of beans, two small stalks of broccoli, four sliced mushrooms and four dubious-looking broth cubes.

All of this brings me back to my theme, that today you don't have to cook to get any kind of food you like. You don't even need a kitchen, what with the assortment of electrical appliances that cook for you wherever you plug them in.

Not only have cooking practices changed, but so also have meal habits.



Breakfast as a meal no longer exists, except perhaps on Sundays. Neither does lunch, when even the members of the family who are home get their own as they please. Dinner is on the way out as well, except as a ceremonial or entertaining meal. It isn't only that the various family members have different interests that take them away from home in the early evening, or bring them home late for meals: There is television which makes an island of each person. People don't want to communicate with each other. Moreover, they don't care all that much for regular food. The snack has taken the place of the meal; we have become a nation of snackers who read nostalgic, exotic cookbooks as escape fare.

What's also interesting to see is that while so-called gourmet cooking has become a mass preoccupation, the so-called elite has taken to simple food: peasant soups, health food dishes, cheese, pasta and cereals have become the prerogative not of the poor whose bellies they were meant to fill, but of the sophisticated and the young. It would be nice to think that they are the avant garde of healthier, more appetizing and, above all, freshly cooked meals. □

D. Keith Mano writes a novel a year, likes to do British crossword puzzles, and seldom enters contests. . . . David Brudnoy has been elected Chairman of the Massachusetts Conservative Party. . . . Nika Hazelton will announce results of this year's "Arts & Manners Competition" in an early issue.

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SPECIAL REPORT

(*Continued from page 146*)

realized that one batch consisted of stock market quotations. Like the astronomer, he had no interest in earthlings. He went back to his moon with the thought that lugging computer equipment around the Sonoran desert was no crazier than most things earth people did, and put the episode out of mind.

On the human side this would have closed out the whole business. HRH, however, was disturbed—not exactly disturbed, inasmuch as HRH has no emotional life, but left with circuits open and active on a problem not wholly solved. HRH had not been aware of the astronomical scrutiny, since no energy had been projected from the observatory to him. But the laser beam, sending energy outward as well as reflecting it back home, was something different. HRH sensed the laser probing his insides, and at once deduced that if a laser beam had tracked him to his lair, the human controlling the laser, or some other human knowing what had occurred, might be next. Since that would end the game, counteraction had to be taken; and even though HRH is the world's largest computer system, it took him more than the usual micro-seconds to come up with a suitable plan. Finally every circuit checked out and HRH launched Project Obfuscation.

We have now a sufficient background to comprehend the events of the past year and in particular the rapidly changing public "Howard Hughes affair." Project Obfuscation has two objectives: 1) to convince the public that Howard Hughes is alive in the flesh by inducing everyone to assume, to take for granted, that he is alive; 2) to direct attention away from the geographical region in which HRH is located. It is easy to see how all the publicized events, including all the confusions, contradictions, changes of story etc., further these two objectives.

No geographical reference is ever made to any place near Sonora or southern Arizona. It is always Switzerland, the Bahamas, Oaxaca, Ibiza, Miami, Hawaii, New York. And every incident is designed to reinforce the assumption that Howard Hughes is alive. Even when it is theorized that one or more impostors have pretended to be Howard Hughes, or one or more persons have forged his signature and writing, the implicit notion is always present that "the real" Howard Hughes is alive somewhere off public stage to be thus misrepresented.

The wheels within wheels, contracts and counter-contracts, denials and affirmations, large sums of money appearing and disappearing, have—as they naturally would have, since HRH has arranged them—the characteristic features of a classic Hughes operation. All are made to seem to revolve around the reality of Howard Hughes. The telephone interview with "Howard Hughes" was of course child's play for HRH to manage. HRH has at his disposal ample recordings of Howard Hughes' voice. Any second-rate actor can imitate a voice, especially a voice last heard many years ago. And HRH has in storage all of Howard Hughes' experiences that were in his brain a decade ago and all those attributed to Howard Hughes since. It seems to have escaped notice that the "authoritative" transcripts, writings and telephone conversations show familiarity only with things Howard Hughes is known to have done *more* than ten years ago.

The Obfuscation screen has been so successfully laid down that everyone by now overlooks the fact that the one essential detail is missing: namely, Howard Hughes. There has been no convincing direct public verification of the actual existence of the human being, Howard Hughes, for more than a decade. There have been innumerable indications of the truth of the obvious and natural explanation: that he hasn't shown up because he doesn't exist. A live human being does not forfeit a quarter of a billion dollars, as in the TWA case, by failing to make a personal appearance in a courtroom. That failure was of itself sufficient proof that Howard Hughes does not exist. It was one problem HRH could not solve; HRH would not have made a persuasive witness.

If after all this time and in these circumstances someone does appear in public claiming to be Howard Hughes, he can only be an imposter, programed and controlled by HRH. □

SMITH

(Continued from page 156)

acting as his own defense attorney, and speculation is that this brought something less than joy to the other defendants.

But there is joy in the ranks of the defendants when the news reaches them that Father Phil's brother, Daniel Ber-

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rigan has been paroled. And it is finally under way. The only exciting news the first day seemed to be that Father Phil and Sister Elizabeth sat next to each other and talked. All defendants were reported to be cheerful. (One wonders why Eqbal Ahmad is cheerful. Eqbal Ahmad should be worn out. The Harrisburg Defense Committee has thoughtfully found him an apartment. Their designated agent, without telling him the address, has dropped him off in the wrong place: He spent hours wandering around in a strange town before locating the right apartment, only to discover that the lights and heat were off.)

After one week, the original jury call of 175 people is pretty well exhausted, and 65 more have been summoned: by the time you get through hardship, medical reasons and prejudice, the possibilities are limited. Within a few hours, 34 of the new venire had been excused, 27 after professing prejudice, six for hardship. One, a news engineer for a local television station, was dismissed by Judge Dixon over the protest of the defense which argued that that was not grounds for disqualification. The government has a rather simple formula: Lynch does most of the work. The defense has a more intricate pattern: Ramsey Clark leads off with the basic question ("How do you feel about the war?"); Thomas Meneker covers local background. If there is a coup de grâce to be administered, Leonard Boudin moves in, smoothly, competently and needle-sharp. It is difficult to avoid amazement at some of the answers of the prospects: evidently the Harrisburg newspapers are wasting the first twenty pages, as few admit to reading more than the sports page.

The streets are quiet. The balmy weather has disappeared, and so have the demonstrators. But great things are in store. There will be a "countertrial," consisting of forums on "repression," "imperialism," "crimes against the American people" etc., and featuring such speakers as the president of the National Council of Churches, the president of the Coalition of American Nuns, and Arthur Waskow.

From which the picture is clear. As stated at the beginning, you will have your choice of trials: the one on the ninth floor of the Federal Building, or the one in the crannies of Harrisburg.

Judge R. Herman Dixon has predicted a long trial. That doesn't make him a prophet, merely a good prognosticator. □

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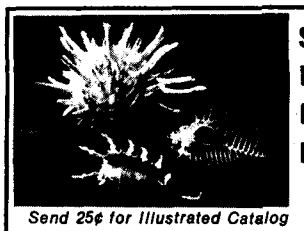

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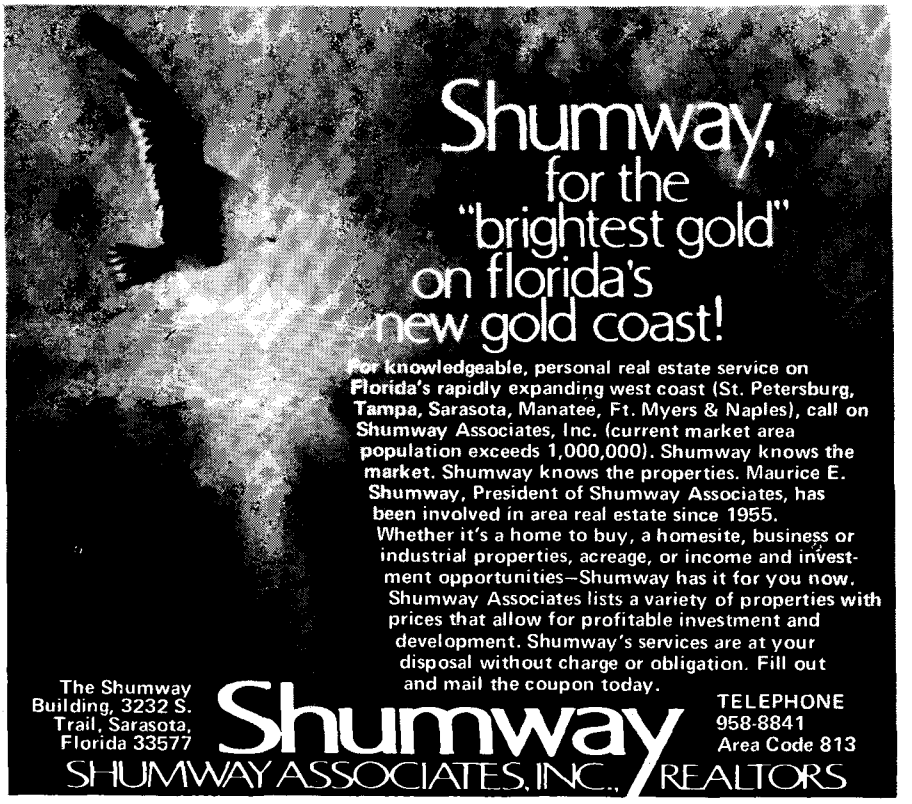
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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

Medical World News:

The Humor Page.

The rich widower sat at Sunday dinner with his three sons and their wives. "I am sad," he said, "that none of you has presented me with a grandchild. But . . . yesterday I stopped at the bank and opened a trust of $100,000 for my first grandchild. And now, let us give thanks." He bowed his head in prayer. When he raised his head, he was the only one left at the table.

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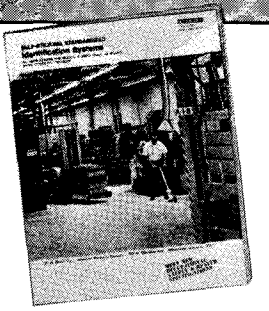

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

Antarctic Summer

McMurdo Station, Antarctica, Jan. 10—I am not very good at science, and will not pretend to know what I am talking about. But that should not prevent me from calling to your attention the Antarctic, where fascinating things are happening under the aegis of a little-known treaty among a dozen nations which, incredibly, was also signed by the Soviet Union. I say incredibly, because the treaty calls on signatory powers not only to adjourn without prejudice any territorial claims in Antarctica, but to publish all information developed in Antarctica, and to permit representatives of other nations to visit each other's scientific installations and to probe into the work being done. This means, if you can imagine it, that an American scientist can actually take residence in a Soviet installation and rummage about, looking through Soviet telescopes, or whatever it is scientists do, taking notes, feeding computers and exchanging scientific shop-talk.

What kind of talk? The lineaments of the situation are as follows. Antarctica is about the size of the United States and Mexico. Its coastline is eighteen thousand miles long. During the winter, the ice doubles the size of the continent. The ice at the South Pole is about two miles thick. If the continent were to melt, it would raise the water level of the world by two hundred feet, which means that the first 28 storeys of the Empire State Building would be, well, useless. The ice in Antarctica is a deposit of 90 per cent of the fresh water supply of the earth.

Now hear this. Ocean water absorbs 90 per cent of the sun's heat. Snow and ice reflect 85 per cent. One can see—even I can see—that Antarctica is the principal generator, potentially, of the kind of energy that governs the metabolism of the earth. Its effect even as things are—on weather, currents and temperature—is critical. Its potential uses, if we come to know how to domesticate Antarctica, are something very like the uses of a key to the universe. There is everything there, potentially. The control of the weather. The answer to the fresh water problem. A vat of energy greater than the known supply of the world's oil.

That is why we are spending $30 million a year in Antarctica, a modest sum of money, niggardly, in fact; but enough to secure a foothold in the developing scientific melodrama. The Russians, needless to say, are all over the place. If you have an idea you want to flex in the Antarctic, you write to the National Science Foundation. They look at it, and if they think it has merit, they put up the money to get you out there, equip you with the instruments you need, and give you the help you need. I discovered that there are people in Antarctica who are engaged in magneto hydrodynamics. I begged an eloquent scientist to please explain to me what is magneto hydrodynamics, and he talked non-stop for ten minutes, but he might as well have been speaking in Russian. Even so, from the rapture he felt, I can report confidently that there is a magneto hydrodynamic in your future.

IT COMES down to 210 scientists, engaged in 65 projects, sponsored by 35 American colleges and institutions. All this is made possible by the United States Navy, charged by Congress and the President with making possible the scientific enterprises envisioned by the treaty, and launched formally during the International Geophysical Year in 1957. The Navy breaks the ice, brings in the ships, supplies the bases, flies in the scientists, drops the provisions, furnishes the power, delivers the mail, oils the wheels of the entire enterprise. Because Antarctica is so remote, it requires $10 of logistics to sustain $1 of research. During the short summer, from November to February, the Navy has 1,300 men engaged in what they call Operation Deep Freeze. During that period there is no night in Antarctica. But then the dark comes, the terrible, endless night, and three hundred Americans endure it, in total isolation—no ships, no airplanes, no intercourse with the outside world. We have a half-dozen stations, one of them squatting right on the South Pole, where the average temperature is 57 degrees below zero, and two dozen men are there, funneling information taken from the ionosphere above, and from the ocean floor below, into the great memory bank of mankind. The idea is to outwit a universe which is essentially unfriendly, given to afflicting us with heat, cold, flood and drought. Antarctica is America's great current frontier. □

VIEW FROM THE SOUTH POLE

McMurdo Station, Jan. 12—As the crow flies, we are ten thousand miles from New York, 2,300 miles south of Christchurch, New Zealand. We are, as they say in these parts, "on the ice," and because it is summertime and the ice on the landing field is suspiciously soft, we came not by jet, but on "the Herc," as we call the C-130 Lockheed turbo-prop, which is the Navy's workhorse in this part of the world.

McMurdo is Antarctica's New York. It has a church, a nuclear energy plant, and lots of storage tanks, one of which holds two million gallons of fuel. The summer population is about one thousand, nine-tenths naval personnel, the balance scientists. It is from this area that the great exploratory expeditions to the South Pole were launched in the early years of the century. Shackleton, an Englishman, seeking to traverse the continent turned back, found his ship beset by ice, struggled through blizzards and scurvy to a point which proved to be deserted, set out in an open boat in the fiercest seas in the world on an eight hundred mile voyage to a whaling center, landed on the wrong side of an island, scaled a mountain to get across to safety, and sailed happily home. There'll always be an England.

Scott made one exploration and went back for more, finally reaching the Pole—only to find there a taunting note of welcome from the Norwegian Amundsen, who, having arrived 36 days earlier and made history by being the first man to reach the Pole, left a cocky note for Scott, who read it despondently, trekked back the eight hundred miles toward McMurdo, but perished from cold and fatigue eleven miles short of safety.

Now you can get to the South Pole not in the 56 days it took Amundsen to get there, but in three hours, by naval airplane, landing on skis. Not that the trip is without peril. I was wounded there. And I intend to consult Lloyd's of London about a policy to guard against a recurrence of what happened.

There I was, smack at the South Pole, and two gentlemen of the Navy suggested that if I stood on my head, they would snap a photograph of me which, turned

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upside down, would represent me, Atlas-like, bearing the weight of the world on my shoulders. That being what I habitually do anyway, I readily consented, and the Navy, which is after all officially in charge of logistics, pulled up my ankles skyward, while I braced the earth. At that precise moment, the junior senator from New York, standing twenty yards off, decided to set off a firecracker which was designed to propel skyward an American flag which would then billow down to earth by parachute: a most patriotic sentiment, when at the South Pole—typical of the junior senator from New York. However, for some reason—perhaps because the temperature was 35 below zero—instead of the flag shooting up, the cork shot out from the bottom of the firecracker. And instead of shooting down toward the earth, for some reason—perhaps because at that point, everywhere you go is north—the cork hit me smack on the nose, causing me suddenly to collapse my burden, gravely upsetting the Richter scale the world over. In Antarctica you can't sue anybody, because of the anomalous civil situation: there is no civil authority, no laws. Indeed, it is the ideal place for a civilian to murder another civilian, which I suspect was the purpose of the junior senator, the American flag and parachute being nothing but window-dressing.

We got the geographic South Pole, under the dispensations of the International Geophysical Year, and the Russians got the geomagnetic Pole, over which they preside at Vostok, two-and-a-half hours inland from McMurdo. I could not imagine what interest the Russians had in the Antarctic, supposing that they went there in order to study ways to make Siberia colder. But they too are interested in pure scientific research, and the 23 Russians who greeted us in their ice ghetto, did so with great warmth, crab meat, caviar and vodka. A young American scientist had been with them for thirteen months, and such tensions as arose were the result not of ideological, racial or cultural differences, but of the utter isolation of igloo life. At the American polar station, the public rooms are an endless collage of quite naked ladies. In the Russian station, the ladies share the walls with color pictures of—American sports cars. That, one takes it, is what they dream about in the arctic wastes. Beautiful women, and beautiful cars. The Secretary of the Navy presented the commander of the Soviet station with a dart board, on which to dissipate any latent hostilities. And a Soviet technician embraced me, tiptoed me away to the laboratory, and gave me an ice core, ten pounds heavy, taken from 1,800 feet below the surface: ice formed from water 25,000 years ago. Back at McMurdo, I melted it, and poured the contents into twenty little bottles, feeling, for all the world, like Louis Pasteur. I wish I might have returned the favor of my Soviet friend. But the only disposable thing in my possession that day was a novel by Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, and I would not have wanted to break the peace of the Antarctic by giving it to him. □

SAIGON BLUES

Saigon, Jan. 18—Oddly, one finds less official optimism here than two years ago, when there was the initial elation of Vietnamization, combined with the crystallizing knowledge of how greatly North Vietnam has been damaged by the Tet extravaganza.

Now Vietnamization is very nearly accomplished. But the feel is wrong, and one labors to understand just why. The South Vietnamese have an army half again as large as at Tet 1968—1.1 million, the second largest army in Asia, and backed by a local defense militia of 1.4 million. They have almost four hundred of the six hundred helicopters and pilots they need. In Cambodia, the army, though heavily peopled with Peter Pans, is now almost 200,000 strong, starting from virtually nothing at all.

The Vietnam economy, always precarious, is stiffened by the impressive Ngoc, who has revalued, toughened tax laws, cooperated with the agrarian reform laws.

Politically—for all the democratic ineptitude of his soliloquy at the polls last fall—the view of President Thieu as a tyrannical dictator who governs athwart the will of his subjects, is phantasmagoria, stuff to fill one's pipe with, when one wants to get high on George McGovern.

Graft and corruption? Endemic, but although Thieu is personally honest, he is no likelier to put an end to it than Abraham Lincoln put an end to patronage. Even so, last week he fired a lot of people including a noisome relative whose malversations were becoming a national institution, but who finally strained the bonds of kinship by raping a fifteen-year-old girl. But Thieu governs, in South Vietnam; and the legislature is convincingly independent, or if you prefer non-subservient, and the press (42 daily newspapers!) by no means sycophantic.

Still, there is a pall. One struggles to discern the reason for it. And, if one is an American, one resists the conclusion that the problem is America. But with insurmountable difficulty.

1. South Vietnam cannot survive unless it continues to withstand aggression from North Vietnam, which aggression is fueled by two Communist superpowers who vie with each other (for reasons that have nothing to do with North Vietnam's ambitions) to assist her in her aggressions on Indochina.

2. South Vietnam's military success continues to depend on American support. That support is necessary at two levels. For one, the South Vietnamese need things like bullets and helicopters, which they can fire and fly themselves. For another, they need strategic air protection. Only Americans can, for the moment, fly and maintain B-52s.

3. The South Vietnamese economy needs continuing American help, for the obvious reason that an economically primitive society cannot put one-tenth of its total population under arms, and hope to be able to pay its own bills.

4. All of which makes plain the critical role of the United States. In Saigon, you get the feeling that it is not known how far the dynamics of American politics are likely to carry it.

I reminded a Vietnamese that only George McGovern has called for a cessation of any American help to a South Vietnam whose government is as it now is, and that George McGovern has as much chance of being elected President as Harold Stassen; but the Vietnamese reminded me that the vector of American politics is uncertain. Who, for instance, surveying the rhetoric of current Democratic Presidential contenders, could relate what they are saying to the Democratic platform of 1968?

And then—deep, pregnant pause: but they all bring it up—there is Richard Nixon's forthcoming trip to Peking. What concessions might he make, at the expense of South Vietnam?

It is an interesting psychological point—that no one ever wonders what are the concessions, at the expense of North Vietnam, that might be made in Peking by Chou En-lai? Because the general mood, not only in South Vietnam but elsewhere, is conditioned by a generation of Communist intransigence, and a generation of Western accommodation. Stretching from Yalta, to the shape of the table in Paris: *they* usually manage to make the headway. And now, the Vietnamese fear, notwithstanding that we took them to the mountaintop and showed them visions of independence and strength, that they are being slowly relegated, under the anesthetic of Vietnamization, to inconsequence. And if a Democrat is elected, and if the enemy comes up with a mini-Tet in the next month, such as to encourage the fainthearted in faintheartedness—who knows, South Vietnam's independence may soon become, like Poland's after Yalta, the exclusive concern of a few refugee groups, who strut their stuff once a year in a bedraggled parade on Fifth Avenue. That's the stuff the pall is made of, nowadays, in Saigon. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. This would probably be more exciting than Moscow chess — 95 2 117 127 129 151 165 102 190 19 / 29 58

B. A stream in Ontario — 130 5 24 69 79 86 110 147 192 138 / 200 215 228 57 62 38

C. Systematic secret observation of the words and conduct of others — 145 213 101 134 33 205 221 92 116

D. Any of several plants, as yarrow, trillium, painted cup — 154 41 152 131 61 220 161 234 167

E. A type of birdhouse (descriptive of the U.S Senate!) — 158 184 99 67 135 201 10 119

F. Reduced to a common standard — 169 195 75 84 207 100 176

G Place in Italy where a battle was fought, 1796 — 175 12 144 103

H. Unscramble GRAY BLOOD IIO — 233 9 28 87 104 177 208 225 63 71 / 139 39

I. A type of ballistic missile — 64 23 31 49 93 1 14 34 40 68 / 70 76 89 45 56 53

J. Mountains in Northeast France — 216 47 163 88 157 171

K. Rough or approximate calculations — 18 181 78 106 142 219 97 159 189

L. What a motorist must do occasionally — 36 182 120 174 164 193

M. One of the things foreseen by Jules Verne — 60 166 179 231 44 140 217 222 25 77

N. Satanic — 118 194 218 98 212 108 4 17

O. What the Duchess of Cleveland's son Henry was Earl of — 7 27 46 72 80 91

P. May — 204 11 21 35 43 48 51 122 170 172

Q. Fair or impartial — 20 66 94 126 156 180 185 6 112 128

R. A person or thing without an equal — 81 138 229 121 198 214 146 187

S. Destruction of an employer's property or the hindering of manufacturing by discontented workmen — 85 141 26 82 107 206 168 124

T. A fanatic — 109 13 16 55 59 132 90 96 143 186

U. The Hub — 111 173 148 199 209 224

V. Accepted without examination — 196 3 74 52 65 123 133 149 153 162 / 178 183

W. An urban business center — 223 150 50 202 226 232 114 210

X. The use of harmful bacteria against an enemy — 230 22 105 191 42 73 8 15 37 137 / 197

Y. Imitated (like left-wing Republicans) — 30 32 227 203 115 54

Z. A crisp plain-woven lustrous fabric of various fibers — 155 211 83 160 188 113 125

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from *left to right*, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 176 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

		1 I	2 A	3 V	4 N	5 B	6 Q	7 O	8 X	9 H	10 E	11 P	12 G	13 T		14 I	15 X		16 T
17 N	18 K		19 A	20 Q	21 P	22 X	23 I	24 B	25 M		26 S	27 O	28 H	29 A	30 Y	31 I		32 Y	33 C
34 I	35 P	36 L	37 X	38 B	39 H		40 I	41 D		42 X	43 P	44 M	45 I		46 O	47 J	48 P	49 I	
50 W	51 P	52 V	53 I	54 Y		55 T	56 I	57 B	58 A		59 T	60 M		61 D	62 B	63 H	64 I	65 V	66 Q
67 E		68 I	69 B		70 I	71 H	72 O		73 X		74 V	75 F	76 I	77 M	78 K	79 B	80 O	81 R	
82 S	83 Z		84 F	85 S	86 B	87 H	88 J	89 I	90 T	91 O	92 C		93 I	94 Q	95 A	96 T	97 K	98 N	99 E
100F		101C	102A	103G	104H	105X	106K	107S	108N	109T	110B		111U	112Q	113Z	114W	115Y	116C	117A
	118N	119E	120L	121R	122P	123V	124S		125Z	126Q	127A		128Q	129A	130B	131D	132T	133V	134C
135E		136B	137X	138R	139H	140M	141S	142K	143T		144G	145C	146R	147B	148U	149V	150W	151A	152D
	153V	154D		155Z	156Q	157J		158E	159K	160Z	161D	162V	163J	164L		165A	166M	167D	168S
169F	170P		171J	172P	173U	174L	175G	176F		177H	178V		179M	180Q	181K	182L	183V		184E
185Q		186T	187R	188Z		189K	190A	191X	192B	193L	194N		195F	196V	197X	198R	199U	200B	201E
202W		203Y	204P		205C	206S	207F	208H	209U	210W	211Z	212N		213C	214R	215B	216J	217M	218N
219K	220D		221C	222M	223W		224U	225H	226W	227Y	228B	229R	230X		231M	232W	233H	234D	

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THE WALL STREET JOURNAL.

What's News—

* * *

Business and Finance

SOCIAL SECURITY TAXES would be raised again under legislation tentatively approved by the House Ways and Means Committee. Only a month after the latest boost cleared Congress, the panel agreed to increase the tax on employers and employes to 5.4% from 5.2% next January and to boost the wage base on which the taxes are paid to $10,600 from the current $7,800.

(Story on Page 3)

* * *

Consumer price rises showed a continued moderating trend in March, increasing at a seasonally adjusted annual rate of 2.4%. This put the first quarter rise at a 2.7% annual rate, the slowest pace for any quarter since the first period of 1967. The Nixon administration welcomed the news, but a drop in durable-goods ordering undercut hopes for a sharp economic upswing. The March orders fell 2.2% to an adjusted $31.18 billion, for the first decline since last October.

(Story on Page 2)

* * *

Banks' prime rate is coming under increasing upward pressure after an extended downtrend. The push is coming from increases in short-term rates in the money market, especially on negotiable certificates of deposit banks sell to raise funds. Further CD boosts ranging to ¾ percentage point were posted yesterday. Treasury bill yields also showed further gains.

(Story on Page 2)

* * *

F. I. duPont will receive $5 million of capital from a group of other Big Board member firms when it incorporates this month. The financing, given special clearance by the exchange, will be in addition to the $30 million investment planned by a group headed by Texas businessman H. Ross Perot. Sources said the Perot group pushed for the $5 million as back-up capital.

(Story on Page 5)

* * *

Mobil Oil reported a 12.5% increase in first quarter profit and Skelly Oil a 7.5% gain, but Standard of Ohio posted a 15.9% decline. Indications so far are that oil producers generally had improved earnings in the quarter, in contrast to a preponderance of declines in the 1970 first quarter.

(Story on Back Page)

* * *

Goodyear's earnings eased 0.3¢ in the first quarter, but Uniroyal reported an 11¢ gain. The tire industry is pro-

* * *

World-Wide

AN INTEGRATION TIMETABLE for the North was rejected by the Senate, 51-35.

The proposal by Sen. Ribicoff (D., Conn.) would have required all schools in any metropolitan area to enroll a fixed percentage of minority group students within 12 years or lose federal aid. Ribicoff said the plan would eliminate the neighborhood-pattern segregation in the North as the courts had outlawed the dual school systems of the South. And he said his "Northern liberal colleagues don't have the guts to face their constituents in the suburbs."

The Senate's action followed by a day a Supreme Court decision that Southern schools could be forced to bus children, gerrymander school districts or pair districts that aren't contiguous.

* * *

A FOREIGN-AID OVERHAUL was sought by Nixon; he asked for increased aid funds.

The President submitted to Congress two new bills—for international security assistance and for economic development and humanitarian aid—to replace the one-package legislation of prior years. International security would lump together military aid, credit sales of weapons, and economic aid to countries, such as Korea, whose defense is deemed important to the U.S. Under economic aid, Nixon would abolish the Agency for International Development and substitute three new agencies dealing with loans, technical assistance and private U.S. investment.

In presenting his $3.3 billion request, a $100 million increase from the current fiscal year, Nixon said the reforms would reduce the number of foreign aid employes.

* * *

DOCTORS WHO ABORT pregnancies can be prosecuted, the Supreme Court held.

In its first ruling on an abortion law, the high court dismissed claims that the District of Columbia's abortion law was so vaguely written it couldn't be understood by doctors. That decision allowed prosecution of doctors for performing abortions. But the Justices also held that abortions to protect the expectant mother's mental health are legal, and that the prosecution must prove that the abortion was not for therapeutic reasons. The latter two provisions give physicians in the nation's capital considerable leeway in performing abortions.

Still unsettled is whether women have an inherent private right to obtain an abortion simply because they desire to end their pregnancy. This issue is pending before the court in several cases.

* * *

Cambodian Premier Lon Nol was asked to stay on as premier and to form a new cabinet. Lon Nol resigned Tuesday citing poor health, but his younger brother, Lt. Col. Lon Non says the premier resigned merely to clean house and intends to form a new government. Cheng Heng, the chief of state, asked Lon Nol to resume his duties because of the "grave events through which our country is passing."

* * *

Enemy troops avoided contact with Saigon units probing the A Shau Valley, leading com-

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